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74th Year

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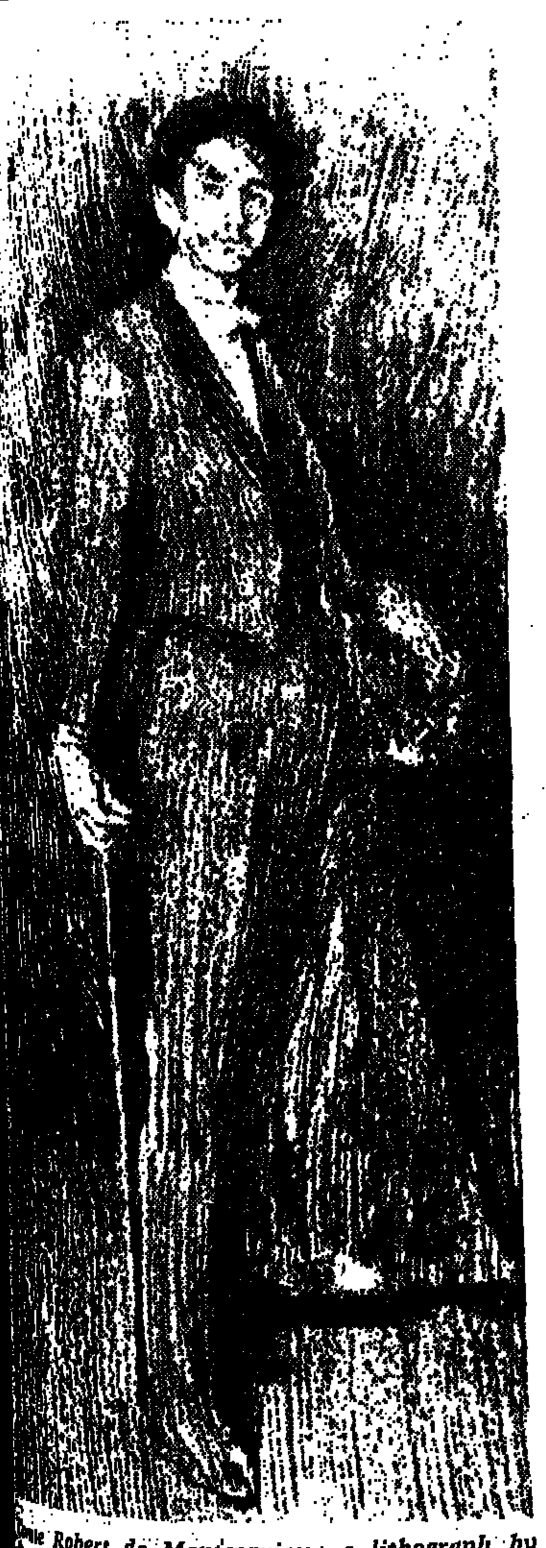

Comte Robert de Montesquiou: *a lithograph by James McNeill Whistler, executed in 1895. Whistler made four portraits of the elegant Montesquiou, who is perhaps better known as a model for Proust's Charlus than as himself. This lithograph was unrecorded by Thomas R. Way, whose introductions to the catalogues of 1896 and 1905 are included in* Whistler Lithographs, *edited by Mervyn Levy (unnumbered pp. Jupiter £6).*

Animals with human faces

A page of science fiction

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by Mary Douglas

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J. G. Weightman on Artaud
C. L. Barber on Shakespearean comedy

The self-completing animal

By Mary Douglas

CLIFFORD GEERTZ:
The Interpretation of Cultures
Selected Essays
470pp. Hutchinson. £7.50.

One of the most persistent preoccupations of his working life, Clifford Geertz tells us, has been to find a satisfactory redefinition of culture. For any American anthropologist the project must seem central, necessary and probably feasible. For American anthropologists have been trained within a discipline calling itself cultural anthropology. You can search its records high and low for a satisfactory definition. For all the volumes written about it, the concept "culture" has not become an incisive tool of thought. It remains a commodious cushion, a category in which anything can comfortably recline. Culture is custom, culture is learned behaviour, these are all comprehensive notions and lead to what Professor Geertz calls "*pot-au-feu* theorizing" in a "conceptual morass".

He prefers the idea of culture as meaning. He draws the distinction between social structure and culture as follows: social structure consists of the economic, political and social regulations, the organization of social activity, its institutional forms: culture is the system of ideas which animate it. As Professor Geertz readily concedes, the analysis of social structure is more developed; the cultural side proves more refractory and remains the more retarded. "If the scientific study of culture has lagged, bogged down in mere descriptivism, this has been in large part because its subject matter is elusive." Culture patterns are ordered clusters of significant symbols by which man makes sense of the events through which he lives.

Even in this careful formulation Professor Geertz suggests a distinction between man living through events, and man making sense of the events. It is very difficult to talk about the relation of ideas to the rest of social life without implying that the two parts of the relation could be separated in fact as well as studied apart. Studying them separately is the usual course. For example, economics can be studied as the effect of movements of prices, politics in terms of changes in demography or in the balance of power; in this limited way social structure can easily be analysed without much more than a sideways reference to the patterns of culture. And culture likewise: the history of knowledge analyses ideas to some extent apart from institutions as a matter of professionally convenient compartmentalizing.

Professor Geertz shows how the notion of culture as a separate field of behaviour itself was established as a result of the academic division of labour. Since the diversity of human behaviour could be attributed to different local customs, the model of man was constituted as a series of layers. Diverse customs were to be accounted for in the study of culture; peeling this layer off reveals the regularities of political and economic behaviour; peeling this next layer off reveals underneath a more fundamental psychological unity; peeling this off in turn reveals the physiological layer common to most of mankind, and such differences as still remain can be referred to more general biological factors.

But this convenient division between academic disciplines imports with it an idea that there could be a specimen of human kind who is not of a particular place, time and culture. So by starting to account for differences between cultures, the way their discipline is carved out among others has led cultural anthropologists down the blind alley of looking for cultural universals.

Professor Geertz's clear-headed threading through the arguments of cultural anthropology in the 1950s and 1960s suggests to the English reviewer two things. First, it raises the suspicion that in that period much intellectual effort went into angel-on-pin-splitting scholasticism where anthropology was concerned. Secondly, it raises the thought that having survived with his capacities unimpaired, and having made an original and distinguished place for himself in that argument, Professor Geertz's reflections on meaning are wise enough to stand alone, without being involved in the exercise of salvaging a better definition of culture. Indeed I would argue that the only flaws in his interpretations of meaning arise when he allows the word "culture" to distract him. He would generally do far better to talk direct about systems of meaning and drop "culture" altogether. For there never was such a fluffy notion at large in a self-styled scientific discipline, not since singing angels blew the planets across the medieval sky or ether filled in the gaps in Newton's universe. Compared with "culture", the categories of Freudian psychoanalysis are hard science. Why try to redefine it?

Professor Geertz's main message to his colleagues is that there are no systems of ideas which are not rooted in social institutions; symbols are trafficked in the push and bustle of social life; in the course of living, people rub down or brush up this part of their symbolic system or the other. It ought to follow that cultural patterns (or ideational forms or symbolic systems) must be as fixed or as fluid as the social institutions which exist through them. Many simplifications of analysis would follow from allowing this. But the idea that culture is a kind of solid, really separate and somehow fixed and resistant to change keeps haunting him. Professor Geertz signals two contradictory messages. Then, the contradiction being obscured by the fluff around the idea of culture, he allows himself the liberty to choose whichever is the easier to apply. One message says that ideas cannot be interpreted unless they are understood in their full institutional context. The other says that culture (sets of ideas) has some autonomy from social structure. He sometimes allows himself to say that the explanation of a bit of behaviour lies in cultural influences located somewhere else, the location not needing to be identified because culture can float around loose on its own.

This habit of thought is very congenial. Historians favour it as a labour-saving device. If a historian or a journalist were to visit modern Morocco or Indonesia, with conflict and confusion all around, he would be very tempted to explain what he sees in terms of three factors: personalities, social forces and traditions or culture. To him, it might seem good enough to diagnose a clash between new social forces and old culture. But this should never be good enough for Professor Geertz since he explicitly and repeatedly insists that someone's culture is the expression or the idea part of that same someone's social life. He could have one person's social life plus culture clashing with another person's social life plus culture. But he cannot, on pain of self-contradiction, have cultural forces unattached to identifiable social forces.

I fear the history of the word culture has let him in for this confusion. For cultural anthropology started with the task of recording, collecting and preserving the treasures of vanished societies. The American Indians who were their most favourite and prominent subjects furnished the anthropologists with proofs that culture could live on in the memories of old men and women when the society was dead and gone. This experience and the ongoing tangled argument about the definition of culture combined to impart the dubious ideas that social conflict and change are abnormal, that stability is normal, that culture is a force promoting stability. These ideas fit so well with nostalgia for our own falsely supposed-to-be stable past that they block a lot of useful curiosity about the processes of transmission and change.

Though I will not deny myself the convenience of using the words culture and cultural, I will never seek to establish a clear definition of them, but would go along with Professor Geertz in identifying an important field of study which is "guessing at meanings, assessing the guesses, and drawing explanatory conclusions from the better guesses".

The essays in this book, though written over a period of nearly fifteen years, have a distinct unity of theme. They show a pilgrimage as it were from the author's early nurture in cultural anthropology, his criticisms thereof and his later self-discovery and emancipation, which owe much to Alfred Schutz and Kenneth Burke. The central theme is well stated in the paper he presented to the Association of Social Anthropologists in England. "If Langer is right that 'the concept of meaning, in all its varieties, is the dominant philosophical concept of our time', that 'sign, symbol, denotation, signification, communication . . . are our (intellectual) stock-in-trade' it is perhaps time that social anthropology and particularly that part of it concerned with religion became aware of the fact." Within the unity of its concern with the study of meaning, the book falls into two parts: one is concerned terpreting the violent flicts of new nations, the the philosophical and matters we have menti ing into a phenomenolo else all his own, of below. Both parts are interesting.

To begin with the politica it must have been quite for the young cultural gist to be landed in the volutionary worlds of Moro Indonesia. Clearly the guts and intellectual sta learnt as much (or more mentors in sociology, and history as from anthrop So we have a rare colle essays, written for an ized intellectual readership ing anthropological insights on important matters of interest, such as ideology, hood, the political crises third world. Any serious of the ancient world will be and delighted to see with trained and conscious hand rible struggles of the new ing nations are here drawn those who always hoped thropology would grow ou private concern for small villages, and out of its role of killing amateur specula a laconic "But not on Island", here is a book to liking.

Let us start with the famous essay on ideology:

> It is one of the minor ironies of modern intellectual history the term "ideology" has become thoroughly ideolog concept that once meant lection of political propos haps somewhat intellectu and impractical but at idealistic . . . has now be a much more formidable tion. . . . Almost univers the familiar parodic applies: "I have a social sophy; you have political ions; he has an ideology".

It was Mannheim's life work to struct a "non-evaluative conc of ideology", but the more he pled with it the more dee became engulfed in its ambig

> As Zeno's paradox raised at least, articulated) questions about the valid mathematical reasoning, so heim's paradox raised the to the objectivity of socio analysis. Where, if any- ideology leaves off and begins has been the riddle of modern socio thought and the rustless of its enemies.

follows a fascinating set of from thinkers who have tried but failed to avoid the or have used the term to their opponents, not seeing to themselves. Professor proceeds to a clear analysis current approaches, one the theory, the other the strain The first finds the origin of in political combat:

> the other hand, the view that action is fundamentally an struggle for power leads unduly Machiavellian view ideology as a form of higher and, consequently, to of its broader, less dramatic social functions. . . . Reducing to a weapon in a de plume gives to its a warning air of militancy but it also means reducing the intellectual compass which such analysis may conducted to the constricted of tactics and strategy.

interest is at once a social and logical concept—it can be presented by the idea of strain:

> clear and distinct idea from the strain theory departs is chronic malintegration of society No social arrangement is can be completely successful coping with the fundamental problems it inevitably faces. All riddled with insoluble anti- between liberty and poli order, stability and change, efficacy and humanity, preci and flexibility, and so forth . . . the fact that both society personality are, whatever shortcomings, organised sys rather than mere congeries institutions or clusters of ties, means that the sociopsy- logical tensions they induce also systematic, that the ties derived from social action have a form and of their own. In the mod world at least, most men live of patterned desperation.

logical thought is thereby used as one sort of response healthy one). to this desperation. Professor Geertz's analysis of sociological thought on this is a model of clarity and ex- ly interesting.

then turns to establish a context in which to resolve paradoxes, stamping ideology as the weapon of warfare is the bad solution to a des- state of mind. He proposes it be viewed as a particular of marshalling of public sym- forms to serve normal cogni- and emotional needs—in short, is proposed as a cultural This was in 1964. Clearly a programme thought out the whole scene of cultural was stolen by Lévi-Strauss. Geertz does not review Strauss's work until 1967 but is familiar with it and with of other updatings of the "culture patterns" by the more analysis of symbol based on linguistic methods. this essay Professor Geertz a general synthesis of old new approaches to culture, with special concern to show that emo are channelled, as well as sig trafficked, via symbolic forms. cultural resources fail, then may have to step in. The is constructed for each by his shared trafficking others:

> The tool-making, laughing, or animal, man, is also the in- complete—or more accurately, self-completing — animal. The of his own realization, he creates out of his general capacity for the construction of symbolic models the specific capabilities that define him. Or—to return at last to our subject—it is through the construction of ideo- logies, schematic images of social order, that man makes himself for better or worse a political animal.

ideologies "come most crucially play where institutionalized for behaviour, thought or are weak or absent. It is in unfamiliar emotionally or graphically that one needs and road maps. So, too, with ideology as a kind of purpose-built system where other un- traditional kinds have separated from their institu- roots, Professor Geertz hardly the Sphinx's riddle but he endows the notion of ideology with respectability. He never solves the problem of a non-evaluative, positive, objective social science. But he can proceed from here to write very well about the clash of ideologies in Indonesia and Morocco and the clash of social institutions that modernization has led to.

The essays that follow, on "The Integrative Revolution", take six new states, suddenly free of an exhausted colonial control, striving at once for modernity and cohesion. He sets up bold comparisons of their resources and conflicts: brilliant sketches that can be very illuminating to those others who try to interpret stirring events in Malaya, India, Burma, Lebanon, Morocco and Nigeria. One of the analytic tools he deploys is Edward Shils's concept of the primordial attachment. This is a tie that stems from the givens of social existence: immediate contiguity and kin connexion, or the givenness that stems from being born into a religious community, speaking a language or dialect, following particular customs. One thing these different political experiences have in common is "the aggregation of independently defined, specifically outlined traditional primordial groups into large, more diffuse units whose implicit frame of reference is not the local scene but the nation". Ideology is one of the instruments for combining primordial groups into the larger ones.

Ideology, "a reasoned set of notions concerning the path of politics", is then a kind of culture, and both are therefore the product of shared thought. By implication culture is the right word when conditions are so stable that visible material symbols manifest the categories in which the universe is understood. Professor Geertz's account of traditional Bali is a beautiful illustration of culture in this sense:

> The doctrine of the exemplary center is in essence a theory of the nature and basis of sovereignty. This theory holds that the court-and-capital is at once a microcosm of the supernatural order—"an image" as Robert Heine-Geldern has put it, "of the universe on a smaller scale"—and the material embodiment of political order. It is not just the nucleus, the engine or the pivot of the state: it *is* the state. And this curious equation of the seat of rule with dominion of rule is more than a passing metaphor, it is a statement of a ruling political idea: namely that by the mere act of providing a model, a paragon, a faultless image of civilized existence, the court shapes the world around it into at least a rough facsimile of its own excellence.

The temple, the priests, the dramas and court rituals enact the great metaphysical truths on which knowledge itself rests for the Balinese.

However, traditional culture gets cut away from its roots: this is a feature of social change as seen by those who accept that culture has independent existence. When this uprooting is not carefully analysed anything can happen. Culture can come into conflict with social organization, or it can change slower than social organization—but either move ought to be suspect.

Professor Geertz gives a careful analysis of one such conflict over a Javanese boy's funeral. The boy died in Modjokuto, in semi-urban conditions; his family and friends tried to have the normal country funeral performed; but the rite was dislocated by Muslim and anti-Muslim factions among the mourners and officiants. To the anthropologist

> it seemed as if the ritual were tearing the society apart rather than integrating it, were disorganizing personalities rather than healing them. To this the functionalist has a ready answer, which takes one or two forms, depending upon whether he follows the Durkheim or the Malinowski tradition: social disintegration or cultural disorganization. Rapid social change has disrupted Javanese society and this is reflected in a disintegrated culture; . . . or the alternative philosophy, cultural decay has led to social fragmentation; loss of a vigorous folk tradition has weakened the moral ties between individuals.

For Professor Geertz there are two things wrong with such an argument: it identifies social (or cultural) conflict with social (or cultural) disintegration; it denies independent roles to both culture and social structure regarding one of the two as the epiphenomenon of the other. To credit culture with autonomy opens the way to sheer mystification.

This relatively early essay uses the idea of independent culture as a stick to beat a now outdated form of social anthropology. Much water has passed under the bridge since anthropologists argued that rituals heal and integrate and that if they don't it is because there is too much disintegration around. Writing now Professor Geertz would not need to disengage culture from its roots, just to flog that carcass. We can still ask whether he did the separation successfully and whether the scission was useful. As to the doing, it is masterful rather than masterly: he asserts that culture is independent in the style of "with one bound our hero was free". The fieldwork reporting stops here, because he feels he needs no other funeral attendances to support and add finesse to the argument. It is not clear that a new dynamic method of analysis has been born. We are just told that this theory of discontinuity between culture and society will be useful and is valid.

But I would worry more, if I were Professor Geertz, about the damage done to his opposite assertion, that thought is public, that culture is "deeply embedded in the realities of the social and economic structure", that "idea systems are rooted in the solid ground of social structure". Between the two views an ideological bias prefers the first. It is a very Weberian temptation to wish to protect spiritual values from disrespect. I cite a passage which shows that the commitment to a free, autonomous, spiritual element in history is itself, for Professor Geertz too, a bit of culture rooted in the solid ground, deeply embedded in the realities of his own contemporary social and economic structure:

> A great deal of recent social scientific theorizing has turned upon an attempt to distinguish and specify two major analytical concepts: culture and social structure. The impetus for this effort has sprung from the desire to take account of ideational factors in social processes without succumbing to either the Hegelian or the Marxist forms of reductionism. In order to avoid having to regard ideas, concepts, values, and expressive forms either as shadows cast by the organization of society upon the hard surfaces of history or as the soul of history whose progress is but a working out of their internal dialectic, it has proved necessary to regard them as independent but not self-sufficient forces. . . .

Intellectual clarity would have been better served by refusing to accept a dilemma posed in terms of determinism or epiphenomenon. He could make a more trenchant and revealing analysis if he were forced by his intellectual position always to seek the institutional supports and accompanying cultural supports of any piece of behaviour that he discusses.

It can always seem plausible to argue for a misfit between political institutions and culture when an account of the social roots of the several cultural frameworks is not given. Yet, from reading the rest of the essays and Professor Geertz's other work on Bali it would seem that the misfit he alleges is not between culture and political organization, but between political organization at one level and political organization at another. The traditional culture of Bali, being still well rooted in small-scale local political structures which have suffered little change, is alive and strong, the top level of coordination, always precarious, being now replaced. Once culture is endowed with independent power of action it can be presented as more rigid, more stable than the shifting political scene on which it acts. So Professor Geertz is tempted to distinguish among the contributions to the ideology of a contemporary state the elements it will get from its traditional past (culture) and those it will get from its former system of government (social organization) and to predict that the former will be more significant. This would be a much more usable insight if the anthropologist felt it necessary to indicate which particular social institutions he was considering as the roots of the traditional culture that will contribute so much. He may be merely saying that the local traditional culture will be more enduring than the centralized one; or he may be saying nothing, if in fact there was a close patterning of the local upon the central institutions.

Another dubious idea to which the concept of independent culture leads is the doctrine of personal charisma, disputed where modern historians are reckoning up Napoleon's personal attributes, but allowed by Professor Geertz where Sukarno changes the cultural set of traditional Indonesian concepts by the sheer force of his extraordinary personality. Adherents to a theory of active independent culture have to subscribe heavily to individual personality also as an active force, because they have problems about analyzing change. Paradoxically, the more independent action is attributed to culture, the more it enters into analyses as a deadweight, a rigid, stable framework against which new social forces clash.

Professor Geertz likens ideology to a map or a poem or a template or a blueprint. He argues that the human mind needs such a guide through experience, and especially through unfamiliar experience. But a map is good if the most recent traffic diversions are marked on it. What if it is the wrong map or an old one? How does a map get altered? This static, unwieldy metaphor of culture poses more problems about social change than it solves. For logically there can be no unfamiliar experience for a person who interprets everything he sees into familiar categories. With culture doing the stabilizing and organizing of new experience it would be impossible for change ever to come about. But it does. Probably the more important question is how stability is ever achieved. In short we need a much more closely questioned and rigorously controlled theory of meaning, with which we would be able to raise new problems in anthropology.

In the later essays Professor Geertz's already acutely sensitive powers of observation take off on a new route. There is a sense of withdrawal, of refusal to be tempted to dogmatize on political issues. The anthropologist who originally mediated with unique success between sociologists and political historians has turned to literature. His last two essays are marvellous studies of the inwardness of Balinese culture. One considers how the human personality is masked, distanced and controlled through the special configuration of roles and calendrical punctuations. The other describes the meaning of the Balinese cockfight. No more of the clumsy technical jargon of anthropology. Both pieces are literature in their own right. And both are open to all the questions which the earnest social anthropologist from Britain would press upon him. Where is the culture anchored? Professor Geertz argues that a cockfight can be a channel of violent emotions and still be cut off from the rest of life, only a game. But he only asserts it; no evidence is thought necessary. Great sums are staked, political allegiances align the betting; how in the name of credibility can he not think it necessary to analyse the factional configurations of one cockfight at least (but better six or ten) to demonstrate the point?

At this new phase of Professor Geertz's work such questions hardly dare be raised. The argumentation of the early essays has been discarded, downgraded in favour of viewing human culture as *sui generis*. This kind of work hardly needs a special anthropological tool-kit or technical tradition. It results from the contemplative effort of a scholar. Be he historian or philosopher or anthropologist by training, a work of art of this kind depends on the fire of his insight and the burnish of his personal concentration.

Keeping the peace

By Lucy Mair

ELIZABETH COLSON:
Tradition and Contract
140pp. Aldine Publishing Co.

A spectacular reversal in the evaluation of Lewis H. Morgan is one of the most interesting recent developments in anthropological theory. No longer is he a figure of fun, typifying the absurd notions current in the nineteenth century of the evolution of human society through a series of stages of marriage in groups to the ultimate in development represented by the nuclear family. Certainly we are not likely to return to this particular theory; but we have found that much of what he had to say when he drew his conclusions from the Iroquois—whom he knew at first-hand—is worth attention.

Elizabeth Colson's *Tradition and Contract* is the latest to be published of the Morgan Lectures instituted in 1963. She takes as her starting-point Morgan's interpretation of the Iroquois political system, the first to examine a society where order was maintained without coercive institutions. Morgan held that the League of the Iroquois was a freely chosen agreement to sacrifice the right of private vengeance for the sake of internal peace and defence against external enemies—the social contract theory of legitimacy. A later student of the same system tells us that it was imposed on the previously autonomous "nations" by a prophet with a message, the "religious validation" theory.

Professor Colson's ethnographic work has been done among peoples who knew no overriding control until they were subjected to European rule, in particular the Tonga of Zambia. She asks what are the constraints faced by such a society and what is the place of consensus; and whether people can hold a Hobbesian view of man's nature and yet behave in a Rousseauian manner in daily contacts.

Her experience—and that of many other recent ethnographers—is that people talk a lot about the ideal man who will fight at the first hint of an insult, but that actually uncommitted persons do what they can to prevent disturbances of the peace because they are afraid of the consequences of escalation. The germ of this view is to be found in Evans-Pritchard's classic study of the Nuer, the first modern account of an acephalous society, but he wrote always in terms of mitigating factors; perhaps it is here, where he had to rely on informants' memories, rather than in those aspects of his work that have incurred the comment before, that we should find a distortion imposed by the presence of an external authority.

Professor Colson discusses the generous sharing of property, particularly food, that has been observed in most of the simpler societies, and ascribes it not to the absence of a sense of property but to the fear of creating ill-will. She cites a Tonga woman who told her she could not refuse a request lest she should be offending a sorcerer. The principle of reciprocity, she argues, holds good when one is considering series of exchanges between pairs of individuals, but a theory of "generalised reciprocity", in which all do as they would be done by, is harder to sustain.

Professor Colson remarks that peoples who have been brought under external control have often welcomed the peace that it brought, even though they came later to resent its other implications: "People may be prepared to accept authority, even though they find it both threatening and frightening, because they see in it the guarantor of an overarching security which they value." In her view they also value the introduction of formal court systems; the Tonga are glad to be saved the trouble of collecting supporters for a "moot" in which cases are settled by discussion and compromise. But the courts in question theoretically enforce "tradition", or, as we used to call it, "customary law". Professor Colson argues that to have such "tradition" on record is an important safeguard against the arbitrary exercise of authority. On the other hand, if law is codified, people cannot reinvent "tradition" as society changes; moreover, outsiders learn to manipulate the community through their knowledge of its rules.

The final chapter discusses the attitudes of Africans today towards the new world that economic and political forces have created: "They do not want to live again in a world without a complex role structure, without free mobility and highly developed institutions; without courts impartial at least by definition and other institutions of a developed governmental system designed to ensure a flow of goods and services and to maintain the public peace."

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Routledge & Kegan Paul

Against Word and Flesh

By J. G. Weightman

ANTONIN ARTAUD :

Collected Works
Volume 4: The Theatre and Its Double
Translated by Victor Corti
223pp. Calder and Boyars. £3.95.
Oeuvres complètes
Volume 10: Lettres écrites de Rodez (1943-44). 326pp. 39fr.
Volume 11: Lettres écrites de Rodez (1945-46). 364pp. 43fr.
Volume 12: Artaud le Mômo, etc. 348pp. 43fr.
Volume 13: Van Gogh, etc. 388pp. 48fr.
Paris : Gallimard.

Victor Corti's excellent translation of Artaud's works has now reached the volume containing the most celebrated text, *The Theatre and Its Double*. Those people interested in the theatre but unable to cope with the original French can now ponder, *en connaissance de cause*, the problem of Artaud's contribution to the modern movement. Was it this one particular work which was influential, or did his legend pass rather, by word of mouth or through concrete example, from Jean-Louis Barrault to Peter Brook?

It is clear that Artaud, obsessed as he was with his own personal sufferings and his acutely unhappy relationship with language, described in his early letters to Paulhan, wanted to replace what he considered to be the thin verbalism of traditional theatre by a dramatic fusion of sound and action that would be immediately illustrative of the tragic sense of life.

However, does it make any real sense to argue, as he does, that the plague is "the double" of the theatre? And is it reasonable to imply that Racine, for instance, is an example of thin verbalism when, as it happens, he is the author of *Phèdre*? I have never thought so, and consequently I would say that Artaud's ideas, as *ideas*, are very disappointing and cannot be sorted out into a coherent system. What mattered was his intense, knotted, suffering presence and his fierce passion for some relationship with the transcendent. The presence and the passion tried to resolve themselves through the theatre, with the immediate practical result of tragic failure. But, as is sometimes the case in cultural history, practical disaster was followed by mythic success.

The important thing about *The Theatre and Its Double* is that it breathes Artaud's absolutely genuine condemnation of all forms of artistic trivialization. He believed passionately in the reality of evil and there is no better defence against vulgarity. Other men, less peculiar than he, were stirred by his faith into revitalizing the theatre along the lines of dance, ritual and significant movement, while he himself, after the collapse of his various theatrical endeavours, declined ever further into eloquent dementia.

The four new volumes of the *Oeuvres complètes* in French carry the story up to the later years. They consist of two volumes of letters written while Artaud was confined to a mental home and two volumes of "works", composed about the same time, together with various drafts, notes and items of documentation. The editor or editors still remain anonymous, and they offer no critical comment on, or medical assessment of, the texts they have so assiduously assembled. This is, in some respects, a pity, because, while the reader can be sure that some of Artaud's remarks are insane, he cannot be sure of the nature or the extent of his insanity. If some of the doctors were as malevolent and some of the treatments as barbarous as Artaud asserts, then his fate was a public scandal, and certain members of the medical profession, if they are still alive, should either be prosecuted or should be suing Gallimard for libel.

It is still uncertain in what circumstances exactly, or on whose authority, Artaud was held in confinement, what the precise nature of his malady was, or whether he was more of a drug addict than a madman. The only thing that is definite is his increased fluency. Gone are the early complaints about the impossibility of adjusting language to thought and emotion. He now seems to write with ease, in a rhythmic, repetitive, insistent style, not unlike Péguy's lava-flow of prose. Every so often he breaks into what the editors call *glossolalie*, or speaking with tongues, but it is perhaps meant not as divine afflatus but rather as a form of concrete poetry:

trajula arjula
icaria
rida duna
arajule.

Such ravings may contain faint wisps of meaning, but on the whole they must be classed as undecipherable nonsense. Some passages would no doubt be of interest to a student of the pathology of language, since they show a gradual descent from meaning, or at least from a possibility of meaning, to nonsense, by way of a harrowingly effective black humour; cf, the following extract from the "Dossier d'Artaud le Mômo" (*mômo* is apparently a Marseilles term for madman):

Satan est ce gouffre qui s'est formé
en réaction contre mon irréductibilité
Mais vous n'êtes pas dieu, Mr Artaud.
Je ne suis qu'un vieil étron piteux
mais qui affre.

Moi
potra
inaritescible
artautenible
marginible
intartenible
tanerti forceps.

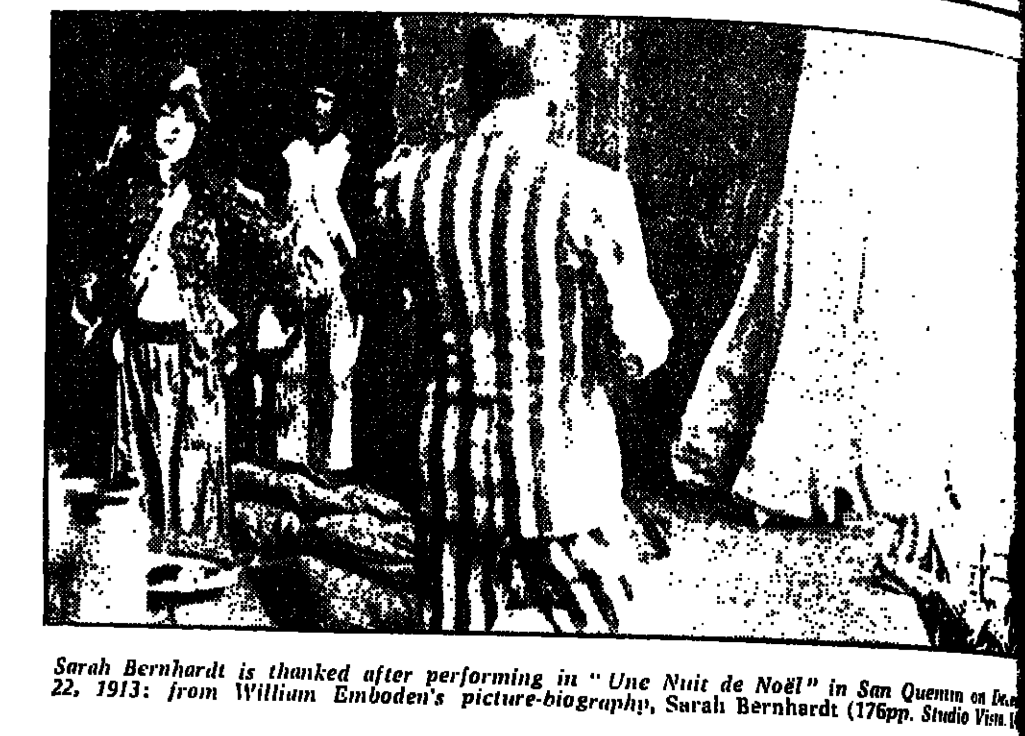
This is a kind of nonsense verse, but much more sinister than "all mimsey were the borogroves". Taken on their own, the two lines

Mais vous n'êtes pas dieu, Mr Artaud.
Je ne suis qu'un vieil étron piteux
mais qui affre.

form a remarkable poetic fragment, reinforced by the mad neologism *affre*, presumably the present tense of a verb *affrer*, formed from *les affres*, suffering, and which, so far as I know, has never existed even as a slang joke. The dying fall on *ible*, particularly because of *artautenible*, has the effect of a lunatic, satanic parody of "âmelette ronsardelette, mignonnelette, doucelette". However, Artaud's soul, unlike Ronsard's, was not the "très chère hôtesse de son corps"; on the contrary, it was a wildly recalcitrant prisoner of the body, infuriated with both the Word and the Flesh.

The content of the four volumes, in so far as it can be interpreted by a reader with no psychiatric expertise, is a repetition of already familiar themes. Artaud reiterates his usual grievances. He is at once a victim of society, which has no understanding of *poètes maudits*, and of evil, supernatural forces which have cast a spell on him. When he carried the holy stick of St Patrick to Ireland, he was set upon by the Irish police and taken back to France in a straitjacket. In the mental home, the doctors deny him the cocaine and opium which would relieve his appalling distress; he insists that there is no harm in good opium and that the damage is caused by adulterated forms. He celebrates, often with magnificent flashes of style, unhappy, unbalanced artists—Gérard de Nerval, Baudelaire, Edgar Allen Poe and Van Gogh—who were prone to madness or dependent on stimulants, and whom he sees as being comparable to himself.

Above all, he gives full rein to his detestation of both the sexual and the excretory functions of human kind in long, explicitly worded diatribes proclaiming the preeminence of chastity and insisting that the world will never be saved as long as individuals continue to copulate. Although he writes some touching little notes to his mother thanking her for her gifts, he seems to want to deny that he came into the world in the usual way, since at times he rejects his patronymic and argues that he was self-created. Obviously, he would have liked to be an angel without sex or digestive organs, engendered by the Holy Ghost. In this sense, part of his madness may have been representative of the common human nostalgia to escape from the human condition.



Sarah Bernhardt is thanked after performing in "Une Nuit de Noël" in San Quentin on De *22, 1913: from William Emboden's picture-biography*, Sarah Bernhardt (*176pp. Studio Vista.*

Decor for the empty space

By Richard Southern

CESARE MOLINARI :
Theatre through the Ages
Translated from the Italian by Colin Hamer
324pp. Cassel. £7.50.

DONALD OENSLAGER :
Stage Design
Four Centuries of Scenic Invention
303pp including 217 illustrations and 31 colour plates. Thames and Hudson. £10.50.

As an illustrated history of the theatre, Cesare Molinari's book is outstanding. The examples are generally unhackneyed, and when they are familiar they gain value by the freshness of their reproduction: for example, the well-known booth stage from the library of Cambrai is printed here in its original colour (it is dated 1598 though it would seem to be some half a century earlier). The twenty-six miniatures from the Valenciennes mystery-play are not only reproduced complete (four in colour) but are taken from the Rothschild version, thus offering an invaluable contrast with the set in Elie Konigson's *La représentation d'un mystère à Valenciennes en 1547* (taken from MSS Fond français 12536 version, also in the Bibliothèque Nationale), and so we are at last able to study the differences between the two versions, which are of great interest.

Again, the twenty engravings of 1652 for Calderón's *La Fiera, el Rayo y la Piedra* at the Buon Retiro Palace, though on a very small scale, are reproduced in full. (But the captions to several are carelessly transposed.)

Professor Molinari's text is reasonably learned and ranges from primitive to modern. It is strongest on the Italian Renaissance and the Central European theatre from Lessing onwards, and is particularly interesting in being written from an Italian viewpoint; too few Italian theatre histories are available to English readers.

It seems invidious with so handsome a book to list faults, but in redaction to the English press rather too many have crept in to be ignored. For example, it is very unusual to see the Greek *orchestra* rendered throughout as "the pit", and particularly misleading to have the *wings* of a scene called "flats"—what we should call the *flat scene* is labelled "backdrop" when it is not likely that any drop is in question. More serious are the statements that Wren's Drury Lane was "almost round", had "three" ranges of boxes and "one" door each side of the forestage. These should read respectively, "fan-shaped", "two" and "two".

Many captions are doubtful or frankly muddled. For example the plan on page 87, generally ascribed to Donaueschingen or Villingen, is here labelled "Plan of Lucerne market-place, Switzerland"—a confusion with another plan altogether. The facts about the Japanese theatre are sometimes misstated and the captions to four of the six relevant illustrations faulty, while one of the pictures (page 275) is even reversed left to right! Again, the grouped captions to the four exterior views of the Swan Theatre on page 211 are all wrongly ascribed so that each relates to the wrong view. With regard to the Swan Theatre, one regrets that, with reproduction of this quality available, a unique opportunity should have been lost of photographing the famous De Witt ink-drawing direct from the original page at Utrecht, thus recording exactly the delicacy of its brownish ink and yellowing paper, instead of bringing out once again an ordinary line-block of the hackneyed Victorian copy-engraving with its intrusive "De observationibus . . ." legend, which is not in the original at all.

These are blemishes (and there are others) against which student readers should be warned. But despite them, *Theatre through the Ages* remains an essential addition to any theatre library and a pleasure to look through again and again.

Donald Oenslager's book, *Stage Design*, is in an entirely different category. It is not a general review but a catalogue of certain scenic drawings in his private collection, reproduced in half-tone, his notes on the artists to whom the drawings are ed. The period covered is Italian Renaissance to America. The quality of tion is somewhat flat Molinari book) but a pages added at the end thirty-one of the preceding in full colour—and these more convincing and cr tive. They contain a charming copy of Serlio's Scene" in tinted mo dashing Clarkson Stanfield brilliant piece of paint by Carpezat, one of the the Paris Opéra.

Apart from fairly len tations to the pictures only thirteen pages of are introductory and Greek and medieval perio are clearly from an enthus more rhetorical than te Those drawings which are ascribed (as against "att include examples by Giuli Torelli, Lotti, Pozzo, the Juvara, the Galliari, S Schinkel, Cicéri, Lavastre, Craig, Benois, Bakst, Dob Soudeikine, and Robert Jones.

Down with the Intend

By Anthony Vivis

RONALD HAYMAN (Editor) :
The German Theatre
287pp. Oswald Wolff. £6.50.

Ever since Lessing made progressive bourgeois heroes a fit subject for tragedy the German theatre has taken its social role very seriously. Goethe and Schiller explored man's place in society on a much broader basis than previous German playwrights, extending from revolutionary activism to philosophical humanism. A century later, the Expressionists struggled to create a New Man from the ruins of misguided militarism. For Reinhardt, Piscator and Brecht, the theatre was not only a yardstick of social values but also an instrument of political change. And now Peter Handke—by challenging the implications behind language, stage conventions and audience behaviour patterns—questions the social structure of the theatre itself.

In the past ten years, the movement towards *Mitbestimmung*, shared decision-making, has started to break down the rigid hierarchies within the German theatre. Actors, directors and writers have challenged the "cultural civil servant" status which heavy investment of public money implies. Kurt Hübner's years at the Bremen Theatre and Peter Stein's cooperative ensemble in Berlin have shown that original, artistically adventurous work is possible within the system, and Rainer Werner Fassbinder's "Antitheater" in Munich pointed a possible way out of it. The supremacy of the Intendant, the tyranny of majority taste fostered block-booking system, authorities' tendency to theatre as culture-fodder middle classes, are inc questioned by a new sense viduality among young people.

A new generation of Ger wrights has given this dramatic shape. Heinrich and Franz Xaver Kroetz ha duced working-class themes, ters and language. Martin S exposed neo-fascist prejudic in the respectability of Fassbinder and Karl Otto M satirized middle-class hypo women authors such as Reinshagen and Ursula Kre attacked female exploitati cerned mainly with the struggle for identity in a sonal, authoritarian society writers present contempo lems in a strikingly direct, stage idiom.

With a detailed and vey of German theatre "fro ing to the present", *The* *Theatre* is an excellent point for theoretical and study. Particularly illumin the section on Austrian the Hilde Spiel) and the thre ing chapters covering subsid Peter Fischer), new theatre ings (by Klaus Völker), and ing *styles* (by Volker C Against the gloomy picture much money chasing too li ent, however, should be set positive achievements of *Stürmer und Dränger*.

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من الأصل

The bard playing before his prince

By C. L. Barber

NER :
and the Traditions of
bridge University Press.

re's power to assimilate ism requires exceptional and delicacy in anyone sources or antecedents. of "background" all too his multiplicity to one tradition; or else back- and foreground come apart we get is a workmanlike of, say, Tudor historio- followed by a treatment of plays in which they take Polydore Vergil and the ies are left behind. Leo study *Shakespeare and* *of Comedy* manages almost the whole relevant of comedy and romance, Greek, Roman and Italian, ing alive most of the long of how the background rt, and of how Shake- imagination used it.

Salinger begins with a distinction between comedy ation and comedy as ce:

> peare, in his abounding constantly reflects, or illuminates, the world out- the theatre, constantly es lifelike feelings and in his characters, and yet antly mixes reality with sion and artifice; in brief, ople in unreal situations.

Salinger's sure feelings for a performance that largely he enormous labour of sum- survey from the tedium of the sources of "content". He ledges and uses Geoffrey 's *Narrative and Dramatic* *of Shakespeare*, often add- gs not considered there. nterprise is basically dif- because his eye is always on ion, and on the relation of compositions to what Shake- put together to make theatri- cations. There are many s when, after diverse ante- have been carefully estab- the book often makes intense on one's attention), one ples as Mr Salinger brings masterly resource with Shakespeare combined them something new and larger.

book is to have a sequel dis- the comedies "more dir- continuously"; the first here is a fine brief account speare's way of making It includes a section, as Celebration", which looks at the kinship of his comedy to holiday pastime and court revels, the strain in his work which I explored in *Shakespeare's Festive Comedy*.

Rightly observing that "there are many other elements which the idea of festivity will not take in at all", Mr Salinger turns to the way the comedies are shaped by "the artificial-seeming conventions" proper to the theatre. Because I have an ungracious resistance to unearned happy endings, I found particularly illuminating his consideration of the way comic artifice blends with variously valid ideas of fortune, chance, luck, in Shakespeare and earlier traditions.

> Shakespeare's comic and romantic improbabilities do imply a belief, a general attitude towards the world. They imply that, if men can fashion their own unhappiness, they cannot make their happiness unaided, but depend for that on society, and on something beyond human society as well, on Nature or Fortune or Providence.

In his comedies fortune moves in a cycle in which people lose themselves to find themselves. The happy return answers an intelligible common expectation of a natural rhythm affecting human affairs, and confirms our intimate knowledge that we are watching a performance. The artifice testifies to a reality within the spectacle.

It is the traditions of artifice, as these reflect realities of historical cultures, which Mr Salinger mobilizes. He begins with medieval stage romances, which Shakespeare certainly knew as a boy, and which he adapted to make the strange, exquisite romances of his last phase. To reconstruct the tradition Mr Salinger very skilfully supplements the few crude surviving English texts with Dutch and French examples, narrative versions, and the evidence of surviving English titles and comment. He puts the much-studied morality plays aside (and down) in favour of this richer, wilder native heritage, saturated with popular and Christian lore. Very striking parallels emerge between Shakespeare's late romances and earlier exemplary romances of wronged wives, with their overt or oblique incestuous complications, long voyages, sudden reversals, divine interventions.

When Mr Salinger turns to classical comedy and its Italian developments, the emphasis shifts to the opposite "pleasure of contrivance" in comedy, "a continuous plot unfolding causal connexions between its incidents as it advances". He emphasizes that such construction was *not* a native tradition, that Shakespeare learnt it, and pioneered in doing so, from Plautus and Italian models. Here again, the assessment of influence is subtle and complex enough not to falsify Shakespeare's complexity, and includes many, many fresh and cogent insights.

In discussing Aristophanes, New Comedy and its Roman development, Mr Salinger explores the tradition for its own sake, writing what amounts to a concise historical study of ancient comedy and forgetting about Shakespeare for long stretches. This substantial excursion is splendid criticism in its own right.

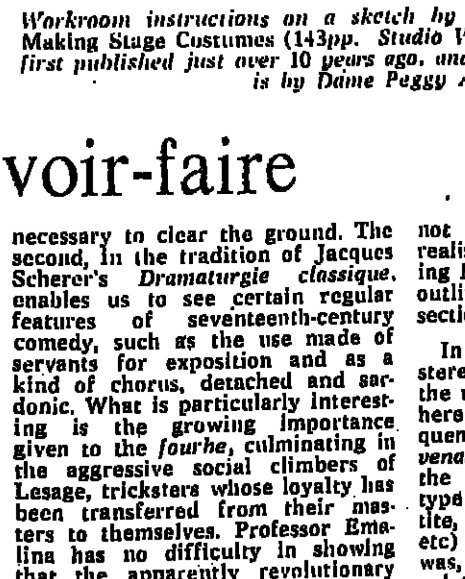
Mr Salinger particularly delights in Aristophanes, his free combinations of topical and mythic, abuse and "advice" to the city, "illusion without wish-fulfilment and wish-fulfilment without illusion", "the unexpected co-presence of divergent lines of meaning", the parodies that "go beyond parody and reinstate the serious fantasy contained in myth on a different plane". The civic basis of this art is kept always in view, the way it combines in a life-enhancing way attitudes of belief and unbelief in tension "at a time and place of deep political change, partly under the stress of war". When Mr Salinger turns to New Comedy, and to Plautus, we are made poignantly aware of what is lost when comedy is limited to "household matters" in Hellenistic circumstances; but he does justice to its continuing creative resourcefulness.

I kept expecting him to use his celebration of Aristophanes to point out how much in Shakespeare is like Old Comedy, even though Shakespeare knew only exemplars of New Comedy. Perhaps he will develop such comparisons in his second volume. What he does in this one, after deft selective consideration of Italian antecedents, is to consider Shakespeare's theatre as an institution, and the reflections of the institutional situation within the plays, in a long, richly circumstantial chapter on Shakespeare as an Elizabethan playwright. In justification of their ambiguous social status the poets of the common players "found the equivalent of a professional emblem in the novel theatrical device of inserting a play within a play". In an aristocratic society Shakespeare's "stage world gravitates towards the great house or the court. He depicts the gentry from outside, but they stand at the centre". Yet he commands special powers. "His people live through their emotional problems in comedy precisely by being transformed or disguised, by coming into contact with the special conditions of the stage" shaped by "devices carried over from the comic tradition".

A fine summary paragraph balances the poet's powers against those of the prince:

> Shakespeare's preoccupation with the real influence of the monarch, even in comedy, and, at the other extreme, his preoccupation with the idea of play-acting, set him apart from all but his immediate predecessors. They reflect his historically novel situation, as a professional playwright in a mainly commercial theatre, writing for, and even in a sense creating, a national public, but depending first and last on aristocratic and royal favour. At one pole of his comic world is the actor-poet, at the other, his ultimate patron, the prince.

One thinks of Prospero, combining in effect the two roles—and looks forward to Mr Salinger's second volume. This one, in its own right, is a major achievement in presenting and understanding comedy before Shakespeare and Shakespeare's masterly use of it.



Workroom instructions on a sketch by Motley, from Designing and Making Stage Costumes (*143pp. Studio Vista. £3.95*), *a practical guide first published just over 10 years ago, and now reissued. The foreword is by Dame Peggy Ashcroft.*

uce and savoir-faire

ter France

MELINA :
ets et les servantes dans le
comique en France de 1610
Presses Universitaires de
120fr.

a doctoral thesis, but the Scapin is its hero. Starting love of Molière, of French and of what is most speci- ly in comedy, Jean Eme- analyses a world of valets and maids, the world Arlequin and Columbine, of Jodelet, Toinette and His book has four parts. In he distinguishes between sorts of servant, such servante, the *suivante* and soubrette; in the second he the dramatic use made of and particularly of the of *fourbes*; then he the psychology of comic and finally attempts to a relation between these real-life counterparts. thing is based on the corpus of extant French written between 1610 and the bibliographical mate- will be very helpful to in this field.

four parts it must be said first is rather tedious, perhaps academically necessary to clear the ground. The second, in the tradition of Jacques Scherer's *Dramaturgie classique*, enables us to see certain regular features of seventeenth-century comedy, such as the use made of servants for exposition and as a kind of chorus, detached and sardonic. What is particularly interesting is the growing importance given to the *fourbe*, culminating in the aggressive social climbers of Lesage, tricksters whose loyalty has been transferred from their masters to themselves. Professor Emelina has no difficulty in showing that the apparently revolutionary structure of a play like *Turcaret* (not that there are many such) is in fact fundamentally conservative, a defensive satire directed against a threatening social development.

Generally, however, the long section on the sociology of the comic servant is disappointing. The fault is not really the author's; it is simply that not enough is known about the servants, who were such a sizable section of the population in seventeenth-century France. Thus it becomes virtually impossible to confront the images of comedy with any other stable image; most accounts of servants come from sources which are more or less literary and at best Professor Emelina can point to certain often trivial details which show that these servants are not only time-honoured stereotypes, but bear the mark of their time. Perhaps the most interesting sociological questions here are concerned not so much with the degree of realism achieved as with the meaning for their time of the structures outlined in the second and third sections.

In fact the treatment of the stereotype or archetype in Part 3 is the real core of the book, and it is here that the author is most eloquent. He uses the notion of *inconvenance* to group together many of the regular characteristics of the type (crude language, ready appetite, easy sexual life, cowardice, etc) and asks why this character was, and is, so essential to art. The valet appears here as Freudian id or Jungian shadow, as the shocking scapegoat of a society of decorum, as the agent of Carnival and the world upside-down, as the half-mocking echo of ancient saviours and modern supermen. But his world of play is a limited Saturnalia which buttresses the existing order by providing an outlet for what is socially and psychologically repressed. Comedy may contain subversive moments, but that is not its essential nature.

Again and again *Le Mariage de Figaro* is mentioned as marking a new departure, a move away from the joyfully conservative stereotypes. But more than eighty years separate Beaumarchais's play from the comedies analysed by Professor Emelina. One hopes that he will in due course take up some of the hints he drops in this book and write about masters and servants in eighteenth-century literature.

Moving into life

By Mary Clarke

RUDOLF LABAN :
A Life for Dance
With drawings by the author
Translated and annotated by Lisa Ullmann
193pp. MacDonald and Evans. £2.50.

Lisa Ullmann, who teaches at the Laban Art of Movement Centre at Addlestone, Surrey, has translated the master's work (published in Germany in 1935 as *Ein Leben für den Tanz*) in order to give English readers some idea of his theories of movement and dance, and of the productions he staged before the Second World War. His basic conviction was that dance should be accessible to everyone, and he did much to achieve this in huge festivals and in the establishment of "movement choirs". Active participation in "the joy of moving" was his first priority; he worked a lot in the theatre, but from his descriptions of his biggest successes one gets the impression that he cared as much, if not more, for the "movers" than for the spectators.

It was later, after he came to England in 1938 (he died in 1958) that he developed his theories about the mastery of movement and analysis of effort which took him into the fields of industry and manual work.

Almost more interesting than Laban's own book are the notes which Lisa Ullmann has appended. They not only clarify, but place all the events in clear historical and social context, thus preserving the "period" flavour of the text.

A Life for Dance is principally about Laban's work on the Continent and especially in Germany. Yet it is in this country that his ideas are most strongly promulgated, notably in many schools and colleges of education. And it was in New York, at the Dance Notation Bureau, that his system of dance notation was perfected and named "Labanotation". (A definitive textbook on the subject, *Labanotation*, was compiled by Ann Hutchinson in 1970.)

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The price of poetry

By Victoria Glendinning

KATHLEEN RAINE:
The Land Unknown
207pp. Hamish Hamilton. £4.50.

Kathleen Raine's second volume of autobiography, *The Land Unknown*, is a disturbing book. She has never in her heart been anything other than a poet, and has rejected the values and moralities of society in favour of following what she would call her "daemon". When she has tried to do the approved or the convenient thing, it has been disastrous; the world being what it is, following her own "golden thread" has often been disastrous too. *Farewell Happy Fields*, her first book of autobiography, described the paradise of her rural childhood at Bavington, and the fall from grace into suburban Ilford and a love affair ruined by her father's attitudes. Most of this new book was written twelve years ago "under a kind of inner compulsion"; since then she has made subtractions and additions, especially in the last part on matters of religion and belief.

It begins with her going up to Girton in the mid-1920s, to the Cambridge of Rosamond Lehmann's *Dusty Answer*, for once in her life pleasing both herself and others by her achievement. She was escaping from the dreaded underworld of Ilford narrowness; and yet she only partly fitted in at Girton. To start with, she was "obviously not a lady"; she felt herself to be "a young barbarian of talent" admitted into a world where the old values were still unquestioned, enjoying the last years of a European civilization "doomed and already largely gone". Miss Raine is a pursuer of excellence, and an elitist; nor would she admit any pejorative significance to that word.

At Girton she heard Virginia Woolf give her paper *A Room of One's Own*, Victoria Sackville-West came with the famous author: "the two most beautiful women I have ever seen." Miss Raine's friends admired D. H. Lawrence, but she, mentally attuned to romantic poetry and transcendence, could not identify with "these fleshy Gudruns and gauche Miriams". Her romanticism was in for a shock. She was in the thin Cambridge air of Wittgenstein and Russell's logical positivism and the Cavendish Laboratory; the clever young aspired after the quantitative and the rational. I. A. Richards's technicalities depressed her, but he too became a poet:

> Ivor is a critic who, falling in love with the texts he studied, took to poetry; a splendid example to set against those poets who, led astray by the magpie criticism, became critics.

The mood was "scientific". William Empson and J. Bronowski, both of them her friends, were reading mathematics. They published her poems in their magazine *Experiment*, but they did not praise them. Empson dominated:

> His presence spellbound us all. His shapely head, his fine features, his eyes, full lustrous poet's eyes but short-sighted behind glasses and nervously evading a direct look (I always mistrust people who look you straight in the face) was the head, in any gathering, that seemed the focus of all eyes.

There is a later glimpse of Empson, in Cumberland, using a dry kipper-bone as a bookmark and walking the fells in two left shoes. Sometimes he invited Miss Raine out. "He probably thought I was pretty." As indeed by all accounts she was. A little society was formed in Cambridge to watch for her to pass, whose members counted the score each week of the number of times they had seen her.

Whether for her poetry or her prettiness, she belonged to the Cambridge elite (defined by mutual recognition) of a fine and catholic vintage: Humphrey Jennings, Steven Runciman, Anthony Blunt, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Michael Redgrave, T. H. White, James Reeves, Alistair Cooke, and "several young Trevelyans". Malcolm Lowry almost went unrecognized: "Bill [Empson] had no great opinion of him."

All this made her despise Ilford more. And when her undergraduate days ended she married Hugh Sykes Davies, the friend of all her friends, "as an emergency measure" and without love. This she sees as the first serious betrayal of her private poetic life, with which "no relationship with any man has ever had a comparable reality". She went into abeyance: "It is rather as if at times I was present in my life, at other times absent from it altogether." So she left him, and married Charles Madge, a fellow-poet and a socialist who was passionately involved with Tom Harrisson's Mass Observation projects. This was another wrong turning. She found herself living in someone else's dream: her husband's dream of poetic Marxism. She turned in her alienation to astrology and other esoteric studies. And when she fell unexpectedly in love, she left Charles Madge:

> But had I no sense of the responsibilities I had incurred by marriage to Charles, by our children? I had not. As between *these duties (which many will say* were plainly now those which ought to have come before all else) and the duties which I inwardly still knew I had betrayed before all this tangle began, there was never, for me, any question.

The "Alastair" she loved was the occasion rather than the cause of her leaving. Her passion was not entirely requited, but in any case her love, which dominated her life for a very long time, flourished in his absence. The contemplation of love, and the state of being in love, awoke her from somnambulism and she began to write again. When the Second World War broke out she re-created briefly the paradise of her childhood alone with her children in Martindale, still in love and still writing. But this idyll did not last. She was taken up by Helen Sutherland of Cockley Moor, patron of art and of artists, who "saved her from Bohemia". And driven by whatever it was that drove her, that she calls always her "daemon", she left the children with Helen Sutherland and went alone to London.

This semi-abandonment of her children was the most extreme of her many extreme decisions. "I left my children too young and too soon." She has seen since the price paid by her parents, by her children, and by her grandchildren. And yet: "If I had known this, would I have acted differently? I think not."

But the golden thread was still elusive. There were bad times in London while she learnt—she quotes Conrad—"the unknown disciplines of the self-imposed task". She took unsuitable jobs, and there was never any money. Cyril Connolly published her poems in *Horizon*, but she never felt she belonged to the London literary world. She found at last a true friend in Tambimuttu, editor of *Poetry London*, under whose imprint her first book of poems, *Stone and Flower*, appeared. And she made good and loyal women friends, whose company she valued over that of any husband or lover.

There was however yet another wrong turning. She became a Roman Catholic, which she sees as due to a "loss of nerve". Perhaps it was also to please her new friends at Bush House where she was then working—Graham Greene, Antonia White and Robert Speaight—and part of her search for a context. But her own climate is that of neoplatonism, cabbala and theosophy. Catholicism never took: "As a Catholic convert the first thing I ever did was buy Yeats's collected poems, like a sick dog looking for grass." And it was Yeats and Blake, and her work on these writers, that brought her back to herself after the war; here the narrative stops.

In spite of her awareness of the "golden thread", Miss Raine seems to have lost her way m often than she found it; she c her story "a record of rejec and escapes". Her intensity p cludes irony, and she makes jokes. But she is entirely w out self-pity, and blames no but herself for her difficul She has set the courage that against the courage that hears she writes about herself wit candour that forestalls crit since she is the first to know what she might see as dedica to a calling others might se blind egotism: that it is poss that "selfishness has masquera as vocation". The quality of poetry, while it is not question, is not really an here, so much as the quality of vision:

> I had seen in Ilford too many the dead living quietly and trusively and respectably, fear above all else the voices of which could but disrupt throw into ruin the false structions so many build shelter them from the terri energies of life.

This passage is characteristic the heightened, emphatic ma in which she has told her s Sometimes the writing become orderly, with an unfastidious exclamation and rhetorical q tioning. But if hers is the fami romantic rhetoric of "the eter it is also the *rhetoric of coura* There is a quality in *The La Unknown* which makes one about some of the compr made in the name of comm sense or responsibility. It is a versive book.

On the inside looking in

By Hilary Spurling

MICHAEL KUSTOW:
Tank
An Autobiographical Fiction
204pp. Cape. £3.50.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH:
The Burnt Child
189pp. Gollancz. £4.20.

Both *The Burnt Child* and *Tank* describe the sort of career—obscure beginnings at home, school and Oxford, followed by the rise to fame in London via Grub Street or the theatre—which might be paralleled among ambitious youths any time these 400 years. At forty-three and thirty-five respectively, both authors naturally feel the urge for self-congratulation. Edward Lucie-Smith is well known as poet and art journalist (critic hardly seems the right word for one whose creed is based, as he explains, on total lack of discrimination in theory as well as practice). The climax of Michael Kustow's progress to date came with his three years' directorship of the Institute of Contemporary Arts, where he put on a programme ranging from simultaneous films projected in a cinema packed with foam rubber chunks around a naked girl ("breathless Rosalie, who . . . conducted the evening's activity with a kind of healthy seriousness") to the recital given by a virtuoso plugged into his piano ("the pianist's performance consisted of opening and closing his eyes") or the Women's Lib play (the "pain of being a woman" strikingly conveyed by "an actress in a bald wig sitting on a potty") which culminated, according to what seems to have become a house rule under Mr Kustow, with the cast all taking off their clothes.

His regime ended in 1970 with enforced resignation, in itself something of a triumph for one who writes of himself in the third person as "K" throughout, on the grounds that Kafka understood him. Mr Kustow sees himself as every kind of guerrillero (terrorist, fifth-columnist, maquisard) working underground to subvert society or, alternatively, as some sort of scarred and sacerdotal figure set apart in lonely eminence (priest, mage, seer, seeker after the Grail, flagellant, hairshirt holy man etc), sustaining all the while a difficult role variously described as mother, husband, lover to the institute and never once abandoning his aesthetic stance as in his own image, a wave on the crest of the front line.

It is a relief to turn to Mr Lucie-Smith, who pictures himself simply as "the rotten banana at the bottom of the basket" (a shrewd metaphor since, for all his modesty, it is noticeable that persons who failed to admire or impress this author generally found themselves skidding feet first along the pavement). *The Burnt Child*, like *Tank*, takes its title from the current vogue for aggression, apparently equally attractive whether inflicted or endured; but otherwise this account of Jamaican childhood and English education ("school poet" at the King's School, Canterbury, "college aesthete" at Merton) lays a rare and pleasant emphasis on unfashionable success.

Figures in authority from the King's headmaster onwards pressed forward to promote "clever boys such as myself", while Mr Lucie-Smith for his part "responded like a thoroughbred in training", gracefully leaping the hurdles placed in his way by school bullies, Oxford hearties, RAF mess-mates, disobliging brother poets. One might suppose that anyone who takes the trouble to compose a self-portrait, however bland and deferential, must to some extent share Mr Kustow's conviction that "something precious is taking place", but Mr Lucie-Smith shows little interest in confession or self-analysis, still less in his supporting cast of minor characters. He is at his best handing out tips on how to cope with sea urchins (always take matches and a candle to a coral island) or tie up a punt, details recorded with the meticulous, methodical attention of those scholarly American biographers who pride themselves on taking a strictly neutral view of the subject. Like them, Mr Lucie-Smith puts public faces on his private friends, avoids indulgence in any but the most superficial comment, scrupulously refrains from speculation on his personal life or feelings and reserves all judgment on his own career, with the engaging air of one well content to leave the final verdict to posterity.

It is perhaps unwise to anticipate that verdict, but I suspect that future students of the period will find Mr Kustow's book the better bet. A more assiduous follower of recent fashion it would be hard to find. It is not simply that he is dressed to kill throughout and catalogues his wardrobe with truly Jeevesian seriousness, from the opening Welsh holiday outfit (" walked the valleys in a dark-g military windcheater, army b and a Russian student cap") to three-quarter-length black jacket with matching shirt for Oxford Union, white Red Guard gear for days in town, and the f knockout number specially m for his last appearance at the K "navy dungarees with a r cape, white plimsolls with red e ings, and a giant lightning WHAM across his chest transfo a large letter K". His intellec tastes are no less nifty. Ind *Tank* recalls nothing so much *The Insider*, a manuscript submi to a recent memorable *New St man* competition which began an incantation: "Beckett, Ca Chomsky, Einstein, Eliot, Fa Freud, Gandhi . . . Wittgen Yeats. Just reciting the n made me feel better."

Mr Kustow covers pretty ca the same ground though his is a great deal longer—he iden not only with Josef K but w Blake, Buddha and Buster Kea too; Brecht and Artaud are Papas; he compares himself Joyce, muses on his resemblan Chekhov, has himself photogra in the pose and costume of a p ing by Magritte. He marched Aldermaston in the 1950s, s time on a kibbutz ("it was a re after the Final Solution, and needed a rebirth too"), worked Roger Planchon and Arnold We at a time when these were name conjure with. Though not in Hungary when the tanks in, he heard them on the radio was listening again later uproar broke out in Algeria. a wonder to me that he missed events of May in Paris, but he in Prague for the Spring, and Hornsey Art College for the (an uprising not, as he regrets admits, "normalized with ferocity with which Prague was down that summer, despite the repression! and pigs!").

All this is, of course, routine desperadoes of Mr Kustow's ge ration. What is startling is brisk personal satisfaction which he ticks off these events the social calendar, much as so one else might note attendance Ascot or Henley. His propriet attitude to the Final Solution matched by his reaction to the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia "K felt stunned and appalled what he could do, to make up it in a way, was to make theatre-piece he was together as fierce a work of art the cruelties men perpetrated up each other in life. Nothing would do." The piece in questio was, as I recall, lamentable enou *not* so much fierce as feeble falling, like this book, rather short of what its author had mind.

King's rhapsody

By David Hunt

PETER BLYTHE:
The Man who was Uncle
The Biography of a Master Spy
186pp. Arthur Barker. £2.95.

"This man is either the biggest liar of all time or he is the greatest Secret Agent in the history of espionage." Such was the opinion which Peter Blythe formed of Nicholas Dulgor-Sheikin, the Greco-Russian subject of *The Man who was Uncle*, when he first met him some twenty years ago. But before the reader has got very far in the book he is likely to decide that neither half of the proposition is true. Many self-professed master spies have told tales which place a much greater strain on credulity—Sidney Reilly, for example—and Dulger-Sheikin's story of his life, though full of sensational incidents, reveals nothing much in the way of positive achievement.

Mr Blythe, a practising psychotherapist, does not mention how he came to meet his hero, Russian by birth, Greek by nationality, and a crusading constitutional monarchist by conviction. The great bulk of the narrative evidently rests on Dulger-Sheikin's own reminiscences. From these it appears that he worked as a double agent for the Greek and German intelligence services before the Second World War and played the same role under different aliases during the occupation. What is more certain is that in 1969 he was convicted of taking part in a pro-Monarchist conspiracy against Papadopoulos. His alias then was "Uncle".

It is difficult to test the accuracy of the narrative, even for one whose acquaintance with Greek political and military history covers the same period as the book. Occasionally doubts obtrude over matters of common knowledge. It is odd, for instance, that Dulger-Sheikin should claim that while hiding in Athens in March 1935 he learnt that "the Royalist Revolution had started" and immediately "obtained a rifle and fought for six days". The Royalists had no need to make a revolution since they had won a majority in the Chamber two years before and were about to effect the restoration of King George; some Republicans did attempt a preventive rising but their ineffective efforts were restricted to Macedonia and Crete.

Historians may not feel able to draw on Mr Blythe as a source with any great confidence. But those readers who like to *read* stories about espionage, sabotage, conspiracy and assassination will enjoy these.

Versions of Mailer

By Michael Mason

NATHAN A. SCOTT Jr:
Three American Moralists
Mailer, Bellow, Trilling
230pp. University of Notre Dame Press. £3.65.

JEAN RADFORD:
Norman Mailer
A Critical Study
203pp. Macmillan. £5.95.

ROBERT SOLOTAROFF:
Down Mailer's Way
289pp. University of Illinois Press. £1.80.

n Mailer has dictated, to an al degree, the notions that his s resort to when writing about and only one of the books r review here, Robert Solotaroff's *Down Mailer's Way*, has ughly broken with the orthodoxy about Mailer that issues n Mailer himself. This orthodoxy is chiefly stated in *Advertisements for Myself* of 1959. This through its selection and interpretation of certain of the s productions hitherto, ed a distinct plot for Mailer's ary career: he had grown out conventional novel-writing and was a man resolved on "making a revolution in the consciousness of our time", and the turning-point had been the essay of 1957, *White Negro*.

There are many reasons for a to be cautious about swallowing this scheme. Mailer seeks to h a sort of canon of his own up to 1959, but this involves g out a considerable body of especially in journalism, has a good claim on our attention (as usually happens when s start editing or choosing their own earlier work). Is *White Negro*, with its opaque sualism, really such a cardinal ent? It explains some aspects Stephen Rojack, Mailer's next fictional hero, but not, or approximately, *his belief in* things as magic and demonology. How long should the idea of r as a consciousness-changer go being applied? Has this turned be his lasting vocation, as he ed it would? And how useful a description is it for *any* of his ment? The "hipster" ideal can easily seem, like Baudelaire's dandy figure almost exactly years earlier, to be of interest as a fact in the intellectual of its creator; it does not to be an especially perceptive -thential image for the times.

ed as a commentator on can life Mailer—with his native neglect of the resources m and of Watergate, with his ken emphasis on the manned expedition, with his self-consciously complex version of (and his naively enthusiastic of Kennedy)—seems to have got wrong. Mailer does have extraordinary powers of observing and ding people's behaviour, especially their speech (Robert Lowell has that Mailer got their party conversation in *Armies of the Night* verbatim, despite appearing inattentive) but nothing, apart from a dangerously persuasive sense of inwardness with his subject, is communicated in a typical Mailer pen-portrait such as that of Hubert Humphrey in *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*:

> Make-up on Hubert's face somehow suggested that the flesh beneath was the color of putty—it gave him the shaky put-together look of a sales-manager in a small corporation who takes a drink to get up in the morning, and another drink after he has made his intercom calls. . . .

The imaginary businessman can with pernicious ease leave us thinking we have learnt something about Humphrey.

This passage also has that strange timidity of form and sentiment, once one goes past the appearance of vigorous judgment, that is so characteristic of the author; Humphrey's make-up simply "somehow suggested" and "gave him the look of" so-and-so—and any good American will join with Mailer in his view of inefficient sales-managers in "small" corporations. Even the famous consciousness-changing pronouncement, in its full form—"the sour truth is that I am imprisoned with a perception which will settle for nothing less than making a revolution in the consciousness of our time"—is oblique and muffled, as Richard Poirier has acutely observed. Like some other modern sages before him, such as Carlyle, Mailer can sound as if he is saying something very combative and radical, but leave in doubt what this might be.

Nathan A. Scott, Jr, in the section on Mailer in his new book *Three American Moralists*, cites the Humphrey description for its "incisiveness of portraiture", and accepts all the *Advertisements*-derived clichés about Mailer's career. He does not appear to have read more than the canon as there specified and the book-length works published since. Perhaps Professor Scott did not have time, for he produces books with awesome speed—no fewer than eleven written and seven edited in the past ten years. He seems to be a Walter Cronkite of literary criticism, purveying instant sententiousness on topics from Samuel Beckett to Nathanael West in a rumbling, vapid, oratorical style. Phrases like "the human enterprise of dwelling in historical time", "investment in metaphoric modes", "a more immediately regenerative preachment" give the flavour of it. He adds nothing to Mailer's version of Mailer except to make it rather prim. Most *critics of Mailer are embarrassed by* Rojack's goings-on in *An American Dream*, but Professor Scott is quite gleefully antiseptic in explaining them away as "metaphor" and "conceit".

Jean Radford sounds from the details of her career to be English; and English taste at present finds it much harder to like the tradition that Mailer, in part, inherits. We have deep reservations about Carlyle, for instance, of a kind that Americans do not seem to feel about Emerson. Miss Radford is hostile to Mailer, though I suspect she came to be hostile after embarking on a more laudatory, orthodox account. She respects some of the doctrine of *Advertisements*—recording an excessively warm verdict on the "carefully structured" *White Negro* essay—but she is devastatingly sharp about some of Mailer's later commentary on his culture. Eventually she delivers the supreme insult, for Mailer, of adjudging him "a talented and interesting minor writer". Her book may have been put together over a long time, which would explain the unevenness of attitude. The approach is rather miscellaneous, and sometimes Miss Radford repeats herself in a later chapter almost verbatim. A reading of Poirier's study seems to have intervened between Chapter 4 and the conclusion.

The book springs into life in the hostile passages, but there is too much drab, unchallenging exposition of Mailer still in it. This can even have an unwittingly damaging force, since the solemnly conducted attempt to show that Mailer writes well-wrought literature sometimes brings out how much is redundant and free-wheeling in Mailer's writing. Miss Radford is surely right to say that the title *An American Dream* connects with "*the* American dream", but Mailer is careless enough about titles not to worry, apparently, if a book called *Of a Fire on the Moon* in America is rechristened *A Fire on the Moon* in its English version.

Mailer's writing resists standard critical exposition for highly creditable reasons as well, however. Miss Radford seeks to represent the sexual episodes of *An American Dream* as "careful, intensely literary exploitation of such situations". But much of the best imagery in these passages she does not mention, because it does not contribute to any literary shapeliness; it simply registers, with the careless aptness of genius, certain phases of erotic sensation: "getting one full draft of a heated sex which was full of the flower, full of earth, and with suspicion of one sly mouse slipping through the garden, a bit of fish in its teeth".

The same kind of thing can be said of the reduction of *The Deer Park* and *Barbary Shore* to allegories of American society in the 1950s, which Miss Radford joins most critics of Mailer in attempting. These fictions are rounded and humanly interesting and idiosyncratically atmospheric, in a way that escapes past the political decodings. Perhaps Mailer did intend in Guinevere McLeod a scathing emblem of a demoralized proletariat, but he created a more engaging and complicated figure than that plan would ever suggest. Like Lawrence, perhaps, Mailer cannot manage the reductive, humanly empty characterizations his theories lead him to attempt.

It was another good insight of Richard Poirier's in his Modern Masters volume to call Mailer's talent in these novels Lawrentian. His study was the best book on Mailer until Professor Solotaroff's, which is at least as good and, in its colloquial tone, more readable than Professor Poirier's rather earnest prose. Professor Solotaroff looks at Mailer's career with great objectivity and independence of mind. He explores widely in all Mailer's published writings; he sees the existential hipsterism as simply a phase, and a slightly comic one, in Mailer's history; the voice in *Advertisements* announcing a revolution in consciousness is that of "a mournful braggart"; the work of the last ten years shows Mailer to be a very skilful writer with a "busy" consciousness and a "playful streak", rather than a major social force. About almost every text he discusses *Professor Solotaroff has* something original, knowledgeable, and persuasive to say.

He is one of the few academic critics of Mailer with a good word to say for (*Of*) *A Fire on the Moon*. He does not fully recognize how the anti-technology message of this book is hedged and qualified in characteristic fashion, but he rightly identifies the description of the launch of the Saturn V rocket as an outstandingly good piece of writing. The rhythm, the syntax, the lexis, the phonetics of the passage are all thrillingly right and yet unexpected—particularly in the sentence about the sound of the rocket. Here in a way is Mailer the hipster still in business. He is living dangerously, running a very big risk of anti-climax in describing the launch directly and at length, but he does not goof—he swings.

ut of the darkness

Gay Clifford

NIA TIGER:
m Golding
Calder and Boyars. £4.95.

m Golding's stature as a rn novelist has long been nized and his work has been rded some perceptive critical ies, notably Ian Gregor and Kinkead-Weekes's book. It has become a peg for fashionable al hats to hang on. His reputation has been cried up and simultaneously shouted down, often by demic voices resolutely ignoring reluctance to "represent" ing—modernism, dualism, gory, mythopoeia or whatever. ia Tiger's comprehensive bibliography reflects this critical proliferation and she is tentative about g to it: an unnecessary sty, given the value of her retations and the fact that they from interviews with Golding himself.

fessor Tiger's object is to elucidate chronologically Golding's five works in relation to his conception of fiction and reality, and critics' responses, and "to do by means of detailed analysis of prose: both object and method d. Golding's own observations are placed beside those of and the conceptual analysis each novel is backed up by meticulous and perceptive reading of verbal detail. The only problem—is minimal—is that Professor ability to demonstrate consistency between the novels and her times to a sense of repetition. She is *not* saying the things about *The Spire* as said in the first chapter about *Lord of the Flies*, though the tions are similarly organized her early observations are so densely packed and suggestive that they point towards much of what follows.)

Particularly interesting is the discussion of the "ideographic structure" of the various books, which Professor Tiger defines as the "apparently intentional use of a specific and unusual structural form to make an essentially religious, though not necessarily Christian, statement in an historical time when such statements cannot be made explicitly". The term has sound literary basis and allows for notions of belief, of myth, of psychology. Its invention is fully justified by its operation.

Golding's work is seen as being profoundly ironic, but it is an irony moving to affirmation. In each of the novels moments of psychic and physical danger embody a dislocation between consciousness, of the world and the self that can be registered in language and thought, and some profound central darkness. Characters, stripped of their familiar resources, have to confront an essential being which they have (often wilfully) repressed, ignored, or been incapable of imagining. Lok sees the usurping and destroying tribe in *The Inheritors* as a "blob of darkness", Simon loses consciousness before the spreading blackness within the mouth of the Lord of the Flies, Pincher Martin re-experiences the cellar-vault of his own past, Jocelyn sees that the spire is made on blackness—both the murderous atavism of the builders and his own egotistic pride. But Golding does more than create images of Self divided against itself existentially and morally, and it is this which differentiates him from most modern writers. The intense conflicts all offer the possibility of wholeness, a choice between resisting evil and being inexorably destroyed (*Pincher Martin*) or accepting it and attaining a quasi-visionary tota *Free Fall, The Spire*).

Golding said that the cellar in *Pincher Martin* stood for a whole philosophy, for the belief that "God is the thing we turn away from into life, and therefore we hate and fear him and make a darkness there". Professor Tiger believes that this point "is fundamental . . . to Golding's moral diagnosis; Man abstracts from his own evil—something his nature possesses—and projects it as a fear of something Other which will haunt or destroy him". Her readings demonstrate persuasively how the specific details of Golding's fables reflect this theme, and are the more persuasive because she shows the unique qualities of each work. Thus the myth of the Fall is powerfully present behind both *The Inheritors* and *The Spire*; both offer ideographic structures of man's guilt-consciousness and innocence, but Golding uses very different means to give objective form to his perception of the dichotomy. It is not simply that in the later novel theological antinomies replace those of evolution. In the first, we experience opposites reconciled only in the mythical and symbolic dimensions of the language registering the old and the new people's perception of the material world; in the other, we inhabit Jocelyn's "confining mind" as it is forced through terror and dissolution to a final vision encompassing paradox—the Spire as an "upward waterfall".

Professor Tiger shows how Golding's structures allow

> two contradictory perspectives on one circumstance. . . . The bridge between the two perspectives is there to be built by the reader who is driven by the paradoxical structure of each fable to accept paradoxes of existence which are to Golding symptoms of the spiritual world.

Her book illuminates the architectonics of that process, and both text and apparatus contain a wealth of information.

Φ PHAIDON

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Carving up a country

By D. C. Watt

TONY SHARP :
The Wartime Alliance and the Zonal Division of Germany
220pp. Oxford University Press. £6.

HENRY KRISCH :
German Politics Under Soviet Occupation
312pp. Columbia University Press (AUPG). £7.50.

In his *Imperial America*, discussing the work of the American revisionists on the origins of the Cold War, Raymond Aron made much of the entire absence of reliable evidence on the Soviet side. This is of course largely true if one excludes Soviet military memoirs. But that this absence makes it impossible for historians to produce a plausible analysis of Soviet policy is quite another matter. If the Cold War was primarily concerned with the control of Germany, as M Aron and others, myself included, have maintained, then both *The Wartime Alliance and the Zonal Division of Germany* by Tony Sharp and *German Politics under Soviet Occupation* by Henry Krisch are admirable contributions towards our understanding of Soviet policy in the German issue in the years 1944-46.

Dr Sharp's method is to chart the changes in the Soviet position in the discussions between the three Allies on the occupation of Germany and on the separate zones of occupation to be allotted to each of the three powers, on a time-scale which relates them first to British and American statements about the progress of their military operations and their future plans on the western front, and secondly to the changes in the Russians' own military position. Thus in June 1944, with the D-day landings in Normandy, the Russians accepted the draft protocol on the occupation zones of Germany but delayed its submission by the European Advisory Committee to their political superiors until they saw how the Soviet offensive in southern Poland and East Prussia succeeded. These offensives reached and established bridgeheads over the Vistula and then outran their supplies against continually stiffening German resistance. In August the Allies broke out of Normandy, landed in southern France and moved rapidly on the Belfort Gap. Allied progress in Italy was equally effective. The Russians diverted their main offensive into south-eastern Europe, knocking Romania out of the war, declaring war on Bulgaria and reaching the Yugoslav frontier. The prospects of an imminent collapse of German forces in the west made the occupation zones protocol seem remarkably attractive. The Russians therefore reversed their position on the EAC and signed the protocol as a way of limiting the advance of British and American power in central Europe. In early November, still under the impact of allied advances, Stalin considered preparations for a drive on Berlin; but the weight of his military advice, influenced by the failure of the offensive into East Prussia in October and the German coup which forestalled Hungarian preparations to go over to the Soviet side, was against him. The Russians called therefore for a rapid signature of the now amended protocol defining the separate occupation zones.

Dr Sharp maintains that Stalin regarded the gaining of control of as much of central and south-eastern Europe as possible as being the aim of all parties, and that he relied on diplomatic methods to restrain the Western powers when he felt the military race was going against him. The thesis is strengthened when we find Stalin replying to a message from Eisenhower at the end of March 1945, agreeing on the secondary importance of Berlin, a flat lie at the time it was made since orders for an all-out drive on Berlin by two major Soviet military commanders were being issued.

When we pass to the drafting of the occupation policy of the Soviet Union we pass from Dr Sharp's evidence from British and American diplomatic sources and Russian military records to the careful collation of personal testimony and collections of private and political papers mainly from German socialist and dissident communist sources undertaken by Professor Krisch. He, too, takes as his basic assumption that the Russians desired to bring as much of Germany under their control as possible.

He calls attention to the wartime attempts to forge a coalition with nationalist conservatives in the National Committee Free Germany; its abandonment late in 1944 for the idea of using Moscow-trained German-exile cadres to create and manipulate an "anti-fascist" bloc; the speed with which the Russians allowed the resumption of political activities in their zone; the immediate decision to reestablish the German Communist Party (KPD) and to resist the establishment of a single socialist workers' party (SPD) as soon as the strength of the sentiment for the socialist party threatened that such an organization would be too large for Russian control; the establishment of control over the KPD by the Moscow-trained cadres; the return towards a call for unity but by the merger of branches at a local level so that the SPD would be broken up, its central leadership isolated and its rank and file induced to desert it; the use of pressure by the Russian military authorities on provincial SPD committees whose leadership seemed particularly well placed to resist them as with Hermann Brill in Thuringia; the securing of mergers of the SPD and KPD branches throughout the Soviet zone except in the western zones of Berlin where a referendum gave a decided majority against a merger and the leadership and its press were immune from Soviet military pressure; the shattering of Russian hopes that the so-called Berlin "central committee" of the SPD could be used via the merger to establish a major pro-Soviet party in the Western-occupied zones on the resistance of Kurt Schumacher and a leadership which, unlike that of the KPD, was made up of survivors of the concentration camps. These, he argues with considerable success, represent a Russian drive to win control over Germany which makes the more sense when one considers the change in Russian p
towards German
as repeated at the
ministers' meetings
Russian propaganda in the
of 1946-47; an event
Krisch does not deal with
narrative ends with the fore
the Socialist Unity Party in
1946.

Taken together these tw
provide a valuable picture of
sistent Russian drive to
trol of as great a part of
Europe as possible. To unde
Russian motives on a wider
this evidence has to be set
that bearing on Russian
tions of the French and Ital
munist parties, both part of
governing coalitions until the
months of 1947. It is extr
difficult to recognize in the
sistency the colourless,
ridden, defensive-minded co
tion of revisionist historians
suspicion among the Allies wa
confined to the Russian side,
demonstrated with equal skill by
Sharp: he also documents Br
fears that if the United States
pied the industrial north-west of
many the main beneficiary w
be the "concession hunters"
large-scale American concerns,
Roosevelt's hope in adopting
Morgenthau plan that Britain w
have to shoulder the odium
"pastoralizing" the Rhineland
the Ruhr, and the preside
extraordinary phobias on all ma
French.

A champion of the liberal tradition

By James Joll

KARL DIETRICH BRACHER :
The German Dilemma
The Throes of Political Emancipation
332pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £8.

Karl Dietrich Bracher's latest collection of essays and occasional articles, first published in German in 1971 and here translated with the addition of two additional pieces, "Weimar in Retrospect" and "Changes in Western Europe", has a consistency of viewpoint and of argument unusual in such books. Ever since he published *Die Auflösung der Weimarer Republik* in 1955, Professor Bracher has set a high standard for contemporary historians by his combination of detachment with political concern and deep scholarship with human understanding. Over the years, too, his style has become more relaxed and more readable. (It is on the whole well served in Richard Barry's translation though there is an occasional obscurity, as when he writes of "the Bismarckian princely association", when he means the association of princes who founded the Empire in 1871.) Even if the essays that make up *The German Dilemma* do not have the importance of, for example, *The German Dictatorship*, they are nearly all worth reprinting and rereading.

All Professor Bracher's work starts from two fundamental assumptions. He does not believe in historical inevitability; and he does believe that he is part of a liberal tradition in German historical and political writing—a tradition which has repeatedly been submerged, and one whose representatives even now need to be on the alert after the experiences of the past century and a half. Much can be learnt about his own beliefs from the essay on Friedrich Christoph Dahlmann, "The Old School of Liberalism". Dahlmann was a well-known academic writer on politics and history during the *Vormärz*, even if he is probably little remembered now in the English-speaking world. He was one of the famous "Göttingen Seven", the professors whose devotion to liberal principles lost them their jobs when in 1837 (not 1847 as wrongly printed in this book) they refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new king of Hanover, who had just suspended the constitution. Dahlmann, Professor Bracher quotes, acknowledged that he had "never for long been able to resist the powerful challenge of the present that notice be taken of it". It is a similar belief that inspires his own scholarship, deeply concerned as he is, like Dahlmann, with the relationship between politics and history.

Because he believes in the possibility that politics can affect events, Professor Bracher refuses to believe that anything in history is inevitable; and he tacitly rejects the Marxist determinism which has influenced so much recent German historical writing. It was this belief in the primacy of politics which made his work on the end of the Weimar Republic so important, because it countered not only the view which Hitler himself had sedulously encouraged, that the Nazi victory was the "triumph of the Will", a process which it would have be
pointless to resist, but also the v
of many English writers, n
during and immediately after
Second World War, that the suc
of National Socialism was the in
itable outcome of age-old trends
German thought and society.
fessor Bracher summarizes
thoughts on the Weimar Republic
the excellent essay "Weimar
Retrospect". It is in specific
cumstances and particular fact
the collapse of the Weimar co
tion is to be sought, and no
general laws or in inherent de
of the German character. And the
are lessons which can be learnt a
applied in the future.

The crisis ridden development a
the catastrophe of the first Ge
man republic provide a case h
tory to which people turn in t
first instance, whether their obje
is admonition and warning, s
stantiation of the German de
cratic tradition or affirmation th
a fresh start has been made
diagnosis and prognosis of t
political present.

The essays in this book are divi
into three groups. The first gr
deals with the nineteenth cen
and with the Weimar and Nazi p
iods. It opens with a long discuss
of "The Concept of the State a
democracy in Germany", Brach
opening address at the 1967 conf
ence of the German Association
Political Science, which surveys
literature on the peculiar proble
of the development of democracy
Germany and foreshadows some
the themes of the later sections
The German Dilemma. The first se
tion also contains a critical revie
of Brüning's memoirs, an account
the *Gleichschaltung* of the Germ
universities under the Nazis,
an important discussion of the pro
lems—moral, political and histo
graphical—of the German Resi
ance.

The second section deals with th
Bonn republic, both in its intern
political development and in
relations with the rest of Europ
It includes a moving tribute
Theodor Heuss and a valuable s
vey, "Salient features of the Ade
auer era". The final section
made up for the most part of
prints of articles from the Fische
Lexikon on such topics as nationa
ism, racialism and imperialism.

Professor Bracher is as much a
home with English and America
literature on political science an
contemporary history as he is wh
German; and he is an author whose
turn of mind—pragmatic, empirical
specific—makes him more accep
able to British readers than some
German politological and sociolog
cal writers of greater theoretica
originality. In his books he ha
made a real contribution not only
to the Germans' own understanding
of their past but also to British an
American appreciation of the nature
of the recent history of Germany
and of contemporary German poli
tics. This book, even if it is not
as weighty as some of its predeces
sors, continues this important task

The Latvian dilemma

By David Kirby

HUGH I. RODGERS :
Search for Security
181pp. Hamden, Connecticut: Archon Books. $12.

In November 1920 J. D. Gregory, the head of the Northern Department at the Foreign Office, noted in a memorandum that the permanent independence of the Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania was "improbable", and that their reabsorption into Russia or the new Polish state was almost inevitable. Twenty years later, his prediction was realized. Gregory was by no means alone in his somewhat dismissive judgment of the viability of the independent Baltic states. That they would sooner or later fall prey to a revived Russia—or even an expansionist Poland—was virtually taken for granted in the foreign ministries of the major powers in the immediate post-war years. In the last resort they could only survive if backed by a great power—and as Hugh Rodgers shows in his study of Latvian foreign policy during the pre-Hitler period, *Search for Security*, no one great power was willing or interested.

The British Admiralty made it very clear at the end of 1921 that the Royal Navy would have no role to play in the event of a future eastern Baltic crisis. In a memorandum written in 1926, J. D. Gregory went a step further in his conclusion that the British Government would not object to a future reabsorption of the Baltic states by Russia. In so far as the French had an eastern policy, it involved Poland, and the Latvian foreign policy makers preferred as far as possible to avoid entanglement with Poland.

Latvia, with its great pre-1914 importance as an industrial and commercial area in the Russian Empire, might have served as a focal point for revived trade between the West and the Soviet Union. This hope soon faded, and received its death-blow at Rapallo, which rendered the German vision of the *lettländische Brückenstellung* superfluous. The coming together of Germany and the Soviet Union was a bitter blow to the Baltic states, since it prevented them from seeking security through protection by one of the two great Baltic powers, and forced them into the arms of Poland once more.

This search for security had already come to grief in 1920, when not one of the participant nations at the Bulduri conference ratified the agreement drafted there. The agreement might have laid the foundations for future cooperation between the border states, but the Polish seizure of Vilna in October, 1920 destroyed all hopes of this. The Vilna question alone was sufficient to prevent the emergence of any effective Baltic bloc, though there were other differences and problems which were in no way lessened with the passage of time—in particular, the rivalry of Latvia and Estonia in the export field.

But the Vilna question always loomed at times of real hope. In 1926, the attempts of the Latvians to present a united Baltic front to meet Soviet demands for non-aggression agreements fell like a house of cards when Lithuania signed a non-aggression pact in isolation in return for Soviet confirmation of her claim to Vilna. Furthermore, no Baltic bloc was likely to stand up without the backing of a great power, and such support was simply not forthcoming. This unpleasant fact of life was realized by Z. A. Meierovics, the able Latvian foreign minister of the early 1920s, who in the last year of his life sought to abandon all ideas of a Baltic bloc and to attempt a rapprochement with Germany and Russia.

This policy was taken up by the socialist foreign minister F. Cielens (1926-27), but Cielens's hopes of an eastern Locarno, like those of Meierovics, were cruelly dashed. It was not in the German or Russian interest to guarantee the frontiers of Lithuania or Poland; and without a general guarantee of frontiers in eastern Europe, there could be no security for any of the small new states. The policy of rapprochement failed, Professor Rodgers suggests, because it rested upon the assumption that Latvia's great neighbours were content with the territorial status quo in the Baltic. The failure of this policy marked the end of the road as far as Latvia was concerned. In the author's own words, "the fate of the Baltic states was settled, not in the fall of 1939, but in the fall of 1927".

This is a substantially true, but rather deterministic, interpretation of Latvian foreign policy. It assumes that alliance with Soviet Russia was no option at all for Latvia, even though in 1934 Moscow was encouraging the formation of a Baltic entente as a barrier against Nazi Germany, and was markedly more disposed towards the idea of an eastern Locarno than had been the case in the 1920s. It was ultimately the only option left to Latvia in 1939. The old verse about the young lady of Riga who went for a ride on a tiger readily springs to mind, but the failure of Latvia and her neighbours to take sufficient heed of the interests and the capability of the Soviet state is surely worth some comment. This is a regrettable omission in an otherwise excellently documented and well-written study.

In the desperate days of autumn 1939, Estonia and Latvia found themselves utterly alone, mesmerized by the Soviet weasel. (The third rabbit was tempted by the promise of the return of Vilna.) The Estonian foreign minister, summoned to Moscow to agree to a mutual guarantee pact, did not even consult his Latvian opposite number on what could be done, even though his return flight from Moscow included a refuelling stop at Riga airport. Latvia's search for security was, in a cruel sense, resolved in 1939: but, as Professor Rodgers's study so convincingly shows, Latvia never really had much chance from the start.

East Anglian dukes and Dogberries

By Valerie Pearl

LL SMITH :
nd Court
ect and Politics in Norfolk,
Clarendon Press: Oxford
y Press. £8.50.

's theme of A. Hassell
book is the interaction
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y of England during the
the first Elizabeth. This is
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search. One part of it can
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wealth and ideology—all
described and evaluated in
degrees of completeness
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ell Smith gives us strong
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of England before we can
early the links between
al and national politics.
ot to belittle his excellent
in the nature of his work,
ly undertaken as a thesis
n county administration,
consideration of the activi-
and problems of borough
tion. He does not deal with
and punishment or with
and disorder, nor does he
to provide a complete
of the Norfolk gentry, although we learn much from his work about some of the families prominent in county affairs.

He is useful also in giving the economic and political background of the county. Its wealth, derived from worsted manufacture and trade, and augmented by its crops of wool and grain, had declined in comparison with other areas by the early years of the sixteenth century, but it remained a rich and populous county. It was also a county famous for the independence of its countrymen, and had a higher proportion of freeholders than most English counties. Its fragmented manorial structure tended to lessen the power of local landlords and the litigiousness of its people had become proverbial. The leading towns had also asserted their desire for independence from earlier times. Norwich had achieved administrative autonomy in two early fifteenth-century charters which granted it county status, with a mayor and corporation and its own JPs and courts.

Dr Hassell Smith shows how the power of the Elizabethan justice of the peace pervaded England. Some conscientious magistrates exercised a constant police function in detecting offenders and bringing them to trial; and changing their role, sat as judges at quarter-sessions. Apart from their peace-keeping functions, they were the principal administrative officers in the counties, supervising the parish officers and implementing the multitude of statutes and regulations by which the Tudors attempted to control economic, social and military affairs.

Occupying a place on the bench was an onerous duty which, if properly fulfilled, made strenuous demands on a justice's time and pocket. A regular attender might have to spend thirty-five days a year on the bench, for which he received an allowance of no more than two shillings a day. He was also expected to attend the assizes and to undertake much administrative work out of sessions. Yet men strove for a place on the bench and the Privy Council's efforts to reduce the number of magistrates were frequently defeated by pressures from below. The system was largely open and flexible with constant recruitment from all sections of the gentry. Dr Hassell Smith prints a table showing the families which provided JPs for up to three generations until the eve of the Civil War. A few magistracies were handed on from father to son to grandson as if they were so much property, but these were the exception.

The execution of the Duke of Norfolk in 1572 had a far-reaching effect on the politics of the county. A cousin of the Queen, he had enjoyed a princely status in the region, owning enormous wealth, disposing of a vast network of patronage, and commanding the loyalties of a tenantry which included many East Anglian gentry. His immense power was derived in part from his personal participation in local affairs (in which he often espoused the interests of town and country) and in part from his preeminence among the county nobility. When the over-mighty subject fell, the lack of a resident nobleman of standing led to the appointment of a lord lieutenant who had no roots in Norfolk.

Unlike the duke, he was prepared to implement fully the orders of the Privy Council and to support wholeheartedly the much disliked patentees. The duke's death and the removal of his pervasive authority threw the administrative, social and political affairs of the county into turmoil. Where there had been a single, recognized power, deciding on the size and composition of the bench, influencing county and borough elections, selecting sheriffs, acting as a channel of communication with the Court, and deciding on precedence and all the other purtenances of the order of society, there was now a void which no one authority could fill.

The foremost gentry strove to fill the power vacuum while those behind jostled to improve their status. New patrons were sought, elections were contested, competition increased for the deputy lieutenancies, demand swelled for a place on the bench, and local quarrels heightened tension at Court. Dr Hassell Smith distinguishes two loose groupings of bitterly opposed families among whom most of these issues can be traced. Each was led by a man whom it is tempting, if somewhat inaccurate, to see as a prototype of the extremes of contrasting gentry families, each with conveniently appropriate virtues or vices, and each acting out his declining or ascending position in the social order. One such was Sir Arthur Heveningham, so excessively proud of his ancient ancestry that he claimed descent from a knight who "watched Christ's sepulchre". Cantankerous, ruthless, ready to take the law into his own hands, debt-ridden, unpopular with the Norfolk gentry, an unscrupulous patentee, and a willing agent of the Court and the Privy Council, he appears in Dr Hassell Smith's careful account without any redeeming features, except perhaps his centralizing activities on behalf of the government.

Resolutely opposed to him stood his complete antithesis, Sir Nathaniel Bacon, a Puritan member of a "new" family already notable for its intellectual vigour and enterprise—a cousin was the great Sir Francis, the future Lord Chancellor. Sir Nathaniel, an upright and austere lawyer, cultivated and precise, a zealous advocate of godly and quiet government and an ardent investigator of corrupt practices and abuses by patentees, found himself the leader of the anti-Heveningham party. The antagonism was reciprocated. Both sides gained allies among the gentry families, used the machinery of local government, and, where they could, sought the influence of the Court to advance their aims. It was a recipe for violence, sometimes verbal, at other times all too real. Thomas Lovell, one of Heveningham's clients, angered by a charge of corruption, challenged Nathaniel's brother to a duel, describing him as a "licing knight" and a "dunghill spirited man" whose "filthy fear" would probably cause him to bolt. Other, less Falstaffian exchanges were more serious. There were also bloody affrays, some lethal, between the rival families and their supporters.

As the divisions between the two main camps continued through Elizabeth's reign, there were signs that they were merging into wider political issues. A significant aspect of parliamentary elections was the constant rejection of Heveningham and his associates, despite his powerful position at Court for most of the period. Men like Bacon found popular support among the gentry and freeholders for the stand they had taken in opposition to the deputy lieutenants as agents of the Council and against both the patentees and the depradations of the royal purveyors. Dr Hassell Smith suggests that there was a growing awareness of the potential of parliament in thwarting the agents of Crown and Council.

There is a further expression of the same tendency in the number of local people who sought parliamentary redress for their grievances. Whether they are from one of the greatest corn merchants in King's Lynn seeking unrestricted export of corn or from twenty-five master bakers of Norwich petitioning against abuses under the statute of apprentices, their letters to Bacon show this increasing realization of the power of parliament. Some correspondents even sent Bacon draft bills. This is not to conclude that the gentry had divided into parties over administrative issues in Norfolk, but Dr Hassell Smith suggests in his meticulous study that there was a much closer relationship between parliamentary business and the conduct of local affairs than has been previously realized.

In little more than a single generation after the death of Elizabeth, Norfolk and the whole of East Anglia were rent by Civil War. The region emerged as a stronghold for the Parliament. A nineteenth-century historian saw it as a "depository for the sacred fire of liberty" derived from the "old Puritan stock". The first and most efficient parliamentary association met there and it was the recruiting ground for Cromwell's Ironsides. Dr Hassell Smith tells us something of how the crop so richly harvested under Charles was sown under Elizabeth.

His chapter on religion is particularly good in showing how the conflict over Puritanism and Catholicism between 1570 and 1585 is woven into local and national affairs. We badly need a follow-up on all his topics in the county during the next two reigns to illuminate the immediate origins of the Civil War. Dr Hassell Smith's book provokes questions about such origins and about the strength of family traditions: What stand did the sons and grandsons of the Heveningham and Bacon factions take in the war? How far did the feuds of Elizabethan gentry persist and influence the conflict? We should not expect continuity in a time of revolutionary change. The Heveninghams as ever produced an extreme answer. One of them fought for the King, another, linked by kinship to leading Norfolk Puritans and, his family fortunes much restored, ended up as a regicide.

ronicles of the monarchy

ger Fulford

A FRASER (Editor) :
es of the Kings and Queens
Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £5.

s a businesslike and readable
of our kings and queens
William I to Elizabeth II. The
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personal stories by which
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royal biographer to cause
at Windsor. Her life of
Victoria in 1840 was fiercely
ed by the Queen.

er everyone would agree
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open to question, but
tainly give us a sensible
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dividual can deviate accord-
fancy. While it may not always have been by positive action, what our monarchs did or did not do has affected our lives for nearly a thousand years. Would cabinet government have progressed as it has if George I had had the beautiful command of English enjoyed by his mother? This is borne out by John Clarke's excellent chapter on the Hanoverians, though King George's remark about hating pots and painters suggests some command of English and the capacity to express himself with unexpected originality and force.

It is certainly true that through studying the lives of our sovereigns we are able to catch some glimpse of the inner feelings of the nation. Lord Salisbury, in a public tribute to Queen Victoria, said that she had an extraordinary power of divining what the middle classes would think, and that was the moment when middle-class opinion was becoming all-powerful.

The difficulties of King Edward VIII reveal the strength of that opinion before it began to decline. Going back in history we can see that Henry II was largely absorbed by the struggles of family politics. The feelings of the English people were probably neither with Angevin or Capet but were much more concerned with the emergence of administrative government, about which public opinion probably felt far more strongly than about all the battles in the Dordogne. The experiences of James II clearly show the strength and almost morbid feelings of English people against Roman Catholicism. Maurice Ashley, in his chapter on the Stuarts, does well to remind us of the affinity with Europe which marked that unlucky dynasty—at least until the reign of its last member.

There is an especially good chapter on Edward II by Peter Earle, who says what may be said for that unhappy man, but rounds off his comment by saying that Edward II is a standing indictment of hereditary monarchy. Lord Eldon, emphasizing the prerogative of birth, observed that a king of England is always king. "King in the helplessness of infancy, king in the decrepitude of age." Though protected by regency, sovereignty belongs to primogeniture sanctioned by time and by popular opinion. Indeed we might argue that when primogeniture threw up a weakling—Edward II, Henry VI or possibly Charles I—the horrible convulsions of the time were to lead to valuable shifts of power.

The Lives of the Kings and Queens of England is well written and terse, and a particular word of gratitude and commendation is due for the illustrations and explanations of the various arms of the sovereigns supplied by J. P. Brooke-Little, the Richmond Herald of Arms.

THE EUROPEAN REVENGE
ROBERT HELLER & NORRIS WILLATT

Whatever happened to the American challenge? Not so long ago informed opinon in Europe was predicting that the hoards of American capitalism would engulf the Continent, taking over its industries wherever it could. But without devised intervention by governments, the invasion has floundered. Instead, European businesses are making inroads into the U.S. Why?

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EDITED BY PAUL OLIVER

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Paul Oliver is Director of Art and Design at Dartington College of Arts.

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BARRIE & JENKINS

مكبر عن الأصل

The alienation of reason

By Julius Gould

RALF DAHRENDORF :
The New Liberty
Survival and Justice in a Changing World
102pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3 (paperback, £1.50).

The enemies of liberty are as remorseless as the enemies of promise—and in the contemporary turmoil of industrial society they have ample scope for mischief. It was therefore highly apposite that Ralf Dahrendorf, the new director of the London School of Economics, should have chosen in the 1974 Reith Lectures (of which The New Liberty is a slightly fuller version) to explore that turmoil and to reexamine the prospects for liberty in the years ahead. The new liberty is an ideal—involving a politics of "regulated conflict" and a socio-economics of "maximising individual life chances". It means that "equality is there for people to be different, and not for the differences of people to be levelled and abolished". Its motive force, writes Professor Dahrendorf, is "no longer expansion but what I shall call improvement, qualitative rather than quantitative development". To define his ideal in these words is to take a stand on basic moral principles—to show a preference for the constitution of liberty rather than spurious "higher" freedoms: to value individual liberty (not the market freedoms of capital and labour) over and above the many fashionable perversions of equality.

Professor Dahrendorf's analysis and his defence of his position is the story of how past and current combinations of liberty and equality have, perhaps prematurely, become sour and jejune: and of how the new situation, symbolized by the economic crisis of the Western world, provokes a fresh look at these hallowed topics.

The threats to liberty are multiple. We need no reminding that the economic background is stark and uninviting. For, as Professor Dahrendorf stresses, we have come to the end of the post-war era—to the end of the belief in "the unlimited possibilities of quantitative expansion". Not that Professor Dahrendorf accepts the no-growth dogmas of the Club of Rome or any of the assorted doomsday theses that have of late poured forth from the presses. On the contrary, some growth will continue—creating in an uneven fashion new differentials of opportunity within and between nations. But inflation, which has accompanied and intensified the retreat from growth, has a grim message for us all. The hidden (and not so hidden) redistribution without growth which is part of the inflationary nightmare means, as Professor Dahrendorf insists, a "general impoverishment".

The new stringencies could bring about not a new liberty but a new despotism. For the authoritarian solution to crisis has a sinister and pervasive attraction. The man in the street does not aspire to be the man in the gutter—and if tyranny offers an escape from such a fate, he will accept the offer. Intellectuals, of course, should know better; and Professor Dahrendorf has no truck with the snap solutions peddled in so many quarters, solutions that reflect, in almost equal proportions, the intellectuals' naivety, hunger for power and indifference to freedom.

Professor Dahrendorf argues convincingly that we have become the victims of the "alienation of enlightened reason". Even allowing for the contrasts he draws between Britain and his native Germany—often to our advantage—it is not possible in so general a survey to show how the impact of "alienated reason" has varied from society to society. But the phenomenon is surely widespread—and, indeed, inescapable in the debates on social justice, bureaucracy, equality and participation. The cry of justice, so central to the socialist creed and not confined to, let alone invented by, nineteenth-century Marxists, has led to frozen and ossified social forms:

> A century of socialist demands, pressures and policies has in fact raised the common floor for all citizens very considerably. But it has also lowered the ceilings and sometimes locked the doors and barred the windows so that people are safer but not necessarily freer.

Professor Dahrendorf is one of several recent writers to point out how organized labour and capital have a joint common interest in making "others" pay for their obsessions, greed and myopia:

> Capital and labour rose together, they rule together today and they will decline . . . and lose relevance together too . . . as social groups the rulers of industry and the rulers of labour are likely to share their fate with the expanding society.

It is not only the myths and structures of socialism that need transcending. Bureaucracy, too, in Max Weber's famous words, grips us in its "iron cage". Whatever the benevolence of individual public servants, "the intrinsic gravitational force of their functions has turned their organizations into a buffer zone between elected leaders and voting citizens which at once separates and incapacitates both". More recently—especially in the United States—public power has also been put in the service of the "equality of outcomes"—trampling, often with sustained contempt, upon Professor Dahrendorf's doctrine that "equal opportunities are opportunities for unequal choices".

It says much for the "alienation of enlightened reason" that it has been the United States—the least "socialist" of all countries—that has led the way in devising educational quotas and other "proportional" devices in social policy. And, despite Professor Dahrendorf's deep concern for genuine participation, he gives an acute account of how various essays in participation, not least in Germany, have led to the tyranny of a self-nominated and profoundly illiberal elite:

> There is a sense in which the extension of the chances of participation eventually destroys those very chances.

This is a stern indictment which bites close to the bone of intellectual fashion. But, of cou "new liberty" is not a pur cal exercise. A balance has struck between utopian partisa cynical pessimism. But there third danger, through which B in particular has been brou the edge of catastrophe: the of elevating pragmatism (or, vulgarly, opportunism, party and clinging to office) highest political good. Why, fessor Dahrendorf asks, have British neglected "medium perspectives"? If we could our heads beyond the rim of saucer, would we not develop tutions and practices more priate to our times?

This is Professor D dorf's message of hope. Eve for example, to the "new libe is his concern with public in its widest and most senses—not military or dragoo one which would undermine ing rigidities, not least the " ated system of prescribed bo which so much social routine educational practice reduce fellow citizens. He is preoccu with the role within this revi public service that may be pl by recurrent education, some that can help to create what obviously missing, i e, a "new tical public" from which lea might win new grounds of social political assent. Complex go ment, devoid of these new and yet unclear forms of particip will preside over increasingly governable societies.

Clearly Professor Dahrendorf pects that such an educated p would grasp eagerly at the c for "improvement" rather "expansion" and, most significa would demand that attention given by its rulers to "me term" perspectives on social ch Professor Dahrendorf is right sist that it is the neglect of su perspective that has brought Bri so near to the edge.

It would be fascinating to ex in greater depth why this is The culture of the British bu cracy would form part of the So would the backward defensiveness of British, wi class institutions, which give to Professor Dahrendorf's in wonder whether "Klondike the Banks of Sacramento o shore of Scotland" would allay fear in this country of the re of the insecurities of the 1930s.

I share Professor Dahrendo concern for an "improving" soc —and hope, as he does, that it come to be. Some would say that overrates the importance of an cated public: others that exp tions of short-run gains, how illusory, will always under "medium term perspectives". not agree. Certainly it will be a haul. Certainly it will not com be until a cohesive social group that such a society is in its in and summons the political wi overcome the obstacles of in and malevolence. Here the and the educational apparatus a vital role to play. They are bastions of freedom; and if (as are sometimes tempted to do) surrender to, or condone, intol and illiberalism the gate will be opened not to the "new liber but to a new darkness for mind for society.

Trends and speculations

By Hugh Stephenson

ALVIN TOFFLER :
The Eco-Spasm Report
116pp. Bantam. 45p.

Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock* made a considerable impact on the public imagination. Its themes were that our system is excessively and dangerously concerned with materialism and purely economic growth; that it does not have the will or capacity to look further than the end of its nose; and that it is becoming steadily more centralized and bureaucratic. His latest book is clearly intended as a companion piece. Its thesis is that the whole global system is going into spasm and the prognosis is not good, because the doctors are only able to think in terms of sovereign remedies suitable for Weimar-type hyper-inflation or 1929-type hyper-depression. In as much as there is hope, it lies in early recognition of the fact that the spasm bears little or no relation to anything in past experience, coupled with the adoption of new attitudes and policies.

Mr Toffler is not, however, as specific as he might be in prescribing new remedies. He appears to be saying that we are in the process of related economic and social changes as great as those associated with the original Industrial Revolution. In his analysis we are moving from an "industrial" past and present into a "super-industrial" future. This, at least, is how, with the help of the publisher's blurb (which made many things considerably clearer), I interpreted the key sentence that society is "moving" from "the monoculture that was industrialism to the multiculture that will be super-industrialism". In order to reach the new stage without being totally overwhelmed, Mr Toffler suggests some general courses of action. These include devising some means of controlling the activities of international companies (if I have correctly translated the requirement to "restabilize the global economy by controlling the crucial economic forces now out of control"); the creation of global reserves of foods and raw materials; the decentralization of employment and industrial policies, so that people can work out for themselves what they want; and the decentralization of the democratic process so that people become involved in and responsible for the success of what they are doing.

The book is an expansion of an article that appeared in *Esquire* and it reads like it. There is, for example, an annoying amount of repetition for a book that is only 105 paperback pages long. In the author's own words, he is dealing with serious and complex issues "in a . . . reportorial form and in a futurist perspective"—i e, this is a piece of journalistic speculation about the future. The serious-minded will not find in it much in the way of original work. The fastidious will be put off by the prevalence of sentences of the following analytic quality: "The emerging future is not predestined; it is the outcome of decisions taken by us in the present . . ."; "If eco-spasm tells us anything, it is that we cannot escape the future by turning our back on it".

At its own level, however, the book brings together several important insights about our present economic and moral plight. The pace of industrial, commercial and social change *has* accelerated, because of modern communications and international companies and banks. The single nation state *is* no longer a sufficient mechanism for setting rules or protecting the individual, and politics *has* been far too slow in adjusting to this change. The era of cheap energy and basic raw materials *is* at an end, because there has been a decisive shift of power towards primary producing countries and there *has* been far too little policy reaction to this change. Industrial concentrations *have* become far too large and, through alienation of employees and bureaucratic hardening of the arteries, *are* producing inefficiencies that more than outweigh the benefits of scale which led to their development. The age *is* demanding increased decentralization, whether in the form of local separatist movements or of shop-floor democracy, and this *is* leading to conflict with the general trend towards greater centralization.

But Mr Toffler (as do others like him) exaggerates his case for the sake of effect and an arresting title. Exaggerates, first, on the level of evidence. The fact that housewives hoarded sugar in 1974 is held to prove eco-spasm, but few historians would take the view that panic hoarding was a phenomenon that first emerged in the mid-twentieth century. Bernie Cornfeld's IOS swindle is adduced as further evidence of spasm, when the history of finance and commerce since the dawn of time has been marked with comparable smash-and-grab raids. (I cite the South Sea Bubble and the activities of John D. Rockefeller, Sr, as passing examples.)

At the level of analysis, the flaw of this class of book is that, at a time when established relationships are certainly changing rapidly, it projects present trends indefinitely into the future, thus forecasting eco-spasm, or worse. But, as someone once put it: "A trend is a trend is a trend. The question is will it bend." Social and industrial change will no doubt continue at a pace that could be called revolutionary. It is very doubtful, though, whether those who experience it will conclude that they have been living through an eco-spasm.

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The man nobody wanted

By C. H. Rolph

JEREMY SANDFORD :
Smiling David
The Story of David Oluwale
112pp. Calder and Boyars. £3.50 (paperback, £1.25).

You remember David Oluwale? Jeremy Sandford's filmscript suggests that the city of Leeds slowly killed him, with some help from himself, because as a vagrant he was rather spoiling the city's fair image. He should never be forgotten. *Smiling David* will keep his story alive as a national parable; but Leeds would have remembered him without a radio documentary or a film, especially its social services and, no doubt, uneasily, its policemen.

Not long ago I had a letter from a Leeds inspector of police, supporting something I had written about the iniquity of the vagrancy laws. "We all knew David", he said, "a gentle chap until they drove him mad. What happened to him makes me ashamed of my cloth. A bit dreamy and lost—wouldn't *let* you help him. Harmless enough really. Except for this sleeping-out business. I *wish* we could leave those people alone."

Smiling David is told with the same controlled passion that distinguished Mr Sandford's *Cathy Come Home* and *Edna the Inebriate Woman*, though this time there are a few uncharacteristic lapses from accuracy (for example, the citation of a pre-1935 version of the Vagrancy Act, 1824, which contained significant differences). Excitedly, and with the envious plaudits of Nigerian friends, David came to Britain from Lagos in 1949 as a stowaway on the Temple Star. On arrival he served the usual *four* weeks' imprisonment for stowing away. He never really recovered from that introduction to the British way of life; and his descent by way of police cell, prison, hospital, prison, hospital, prison, casual ward (or "spike"), Salvation Army hostel, shop doorway, and finally the wharf-side water of the River Aire is a harrowing odyssey of social futility and official cruelty. Some of the cruelty is official, statutory, unwitting and helpless, some of it—the police share—deliberate, purposeful and sickening.

No one in Leeds was more sickened than the police themselves. A sergeant and inspector, prosecuted by their colleagues for a long succession of assaults on David Oluwale, the purpose of which was to make him stay out of Leeds, went to prison for two years and three years respectively. "But", says Mary, a probation officer in the play, "it was because they wanted a clean city. That's all. They couldn't bear to have tramps littering up their city."

As a mental hospital inmate, David was an early victim of the "open door" policy introduced so bravely, hopefully and (we can all see) mistakenly by the Mental Health Act of 1959. He was discharged to "community care"; which, for such men, had by that time ceased to exist. But Mr Sandford is unfair to the men and the intentions behind the 1959 Act. Having said—in an appendix called "The Single Homeless" that "with the 1959 Act came the emptying of the hospitals" (actually their population was reduced by about 8 cent), he explains:

> One reason for their empt was that these places no lo deemed it as part of their func to provide "care and protectio for their inmates, as well as tr ment. The old Poor Law idea "care and protection" had be lost.

What had been "lost" was the i of locking up mentally inte people who were socially harml and gradually turning them i lunatics. What was thought to h been gained sprang from ideal rather than expediency. There w good intentions behind even abolition of the casual wards, th replacement by posh "recepti centres" with standards too seve for such as David, and the relab ling of our tramps as "persons w out a settled way of life". Any who supposes *that* got rid of th should look, any night, under t dry arch of Hungerford Bridg Charing Cross underground stat

The script of *Smiling David* mak an angry and saddening book; a the impact of it, at least for tho who can supply their own men film clips as they go along, is alo unforgettable.

medies of the press

am Haley

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ncome levels and social

grades can be accepted. But how far are such figures any longer a reflection of class distinctions, educational levels, or social habits—in particular, purchasing habits? Thousands of manual workers today are earning more than professional ones. The hitherto comparatively well-to-do are now often the critically hard up. Unless disaster levels everyone, the upheaval may become even more violent. And—the decisive question for advertisers—how, through decades of a fluctuating rate of inflation, can income levels be any guide to spending power? Even more doubtfully, to actual spending? There are periods when the more affluent people will be more parsimonious—if only because more apprehensive—than those down the scale. At other times the spending habits of the same degree of affluence will vary from one social class to another. If marketing has to have a say in any newspaper's character, it needs a new set of instruments.

The authors' analysis is, however, only the foundation on which to build their own device. It is ingenious. In order "to encourage papers with relatively small circulations to look more to the number of their readers and less to their class and their incomes"—in other words, to reduce such newspapers' dependence on the advertiser's favour—they propose that the Government should give a cash bounty of, say, £10 for each extra sale. The papers eligible would be those with circulations between 50,000 and one million. The sales would be calculated on a three-year rolling average. The chairman and lay members of the Press Council would decide which publications qualified as newspapers, and would administer the scheme.

The scheme is open to objections. The question why taxpayers as a whole should subsidize chosen minorities might be answered by the statement that the strengthening of democracy benefits the community as a whole. Would democracy be strengthened? The authors admit the bounty would be elitist, designedly so. But even within the elite it would give greater proportionate benefit to *The Guardian*, a trust already enriched by the *Manchester Evening News*, than it would to *The Times*. It is difficult to believe that the high purpose of the scheme could be maintained without the Press Council body becoming a regulatory one over standards. Such bodies are not noteworthy for combining effectiveness with freedom. Yet, as experience has shown, all bounties can be exploited.

Popularity is in inverse ratio to quality and seriousness. The bait for a newspaper's extra sales could be a weakening of its character. There used to be a man who, given the date, hall, conductor, and programme, could with remarkable accuracy tell the promoters of a concert in London by exactly how much the takings would be increased if they replaced Symphony A by the less austere Symphony B. Many a BBC programme has been lowered to get higher audience-figures. What would be the effect of giving "a classless cash bounty for all extra readers"? If there was an effect, would it be greatest on readers, on journalism, or on politics? These and many other issues merit discussion. A seminar on the book by professors of politics, editors, managers and professional politicians would be valuable.

At the same time it must be said that if this or any other analogous scheme worked, the British press would still be left with its wasting disease. There will be no health in it until its out-of-date methods, materials, and machinery have been modernized, and the unions have agreed to this and to strictly efficient manning. It is one of the many merits of *Newspaper Money* that its authors recognize this.

The consensus business

By Michael Beesley

THOMAS KEMPNER, KEITH MACMILLAN and KEVIN HAWKINS :
Business and Society
Tradition and Change
288pp. Allen Lane. £4.

Business and Society reviews the historical development of business organization, describes the increasing interaction between government and business, and considers what is seen as a conflict between the competitive ideal, which still pervades business, and modern national needs such as coping with inflation and threats to the "quality of life". Its main interest lies in the last three chapters, which contain a discussion of these crucial issues and some thoughts on a "new political economy".

At this time of soul-searching about relations between society and business one picks up a new book such as this with certain expectations about what one will find. The main strands of debate have perhaps been the growth and nature of the business corporation, the question of how the social responsibilities of business can or should be rooted in personal ethics, and the relative merits of a modified market system, central bargaining and corporate self-regulation to deal with external effects of business actions and to realize social goals, and the problem of the validation of socially orientated action. The interaction between these issues is complex, and it is very probably too much to expect a definitive treatment; one's reservations about the book no doubt arise mainly from the inherent difficulties all authors in the field face.

The earlier chapters give a rather hurried review of academic ideas about the rise of the large-scale firm (in which, amazingly, Schumpeter does not rate a mention); then they present modes of public control of business, a description of recent "theories of business policy", meaning mainly theories of the firm, and some thoughts on present day "corporate capitalism". It is difficult to see the purpose of a *tour d'horizon* such as this, which necessarily courts the danger of superficiality. For example, the authors appear to think that examining how economists, and latterly other social scientists, have modified the theory of the firm somehow underpins empirical assertions about motives and action in today's companies. It does not. Perceptions about them (sometimes) change the theory. Again, the reader is left with a very sketchy account of important facts about the growth of concentration and trends in profitability and "efficiency" in the corporate sector.

Curiously, when the discussion on inflation arrives, very little in it refers specifically to the material of the previous chapters. The authors correctly anticipated the line, popular at present, that inflation must be tackled by consensus ("increasingly the politics of counter-inflation is seen as the politics of consensus"). The only way in which a government will be able to implement an incomes policy, they say, is by offering the unions a package of social policies. The discussion is used to draw "conclusions for business policy", namely, that employers will "no longer be permitted" to settle wages simply "in their own interests"; "employers will have to develop a structure of relative wages within their own companies which are acceptable to their employees and, the appropriate trade unions". There is also an appeal for progress in the design of work and job enrichment. Such conclusions could have been reached without any of the preceding chapters.

Similarly, in the "quality of life" discussion, the authors again shift gear in proceeding from a useful review of current pollution problems to implications for policy. They draw no analytical thoughts from previous chapters when seeking the implications for politicians and industrial managers. What emerges is an appreciation of the conflict between "the traditional equation of material enrichment and the good life" and preserving the environment, and a need for consensus—"a reappraisal of the country's economic and social priorities by all interested parties". Better education, among other things, is necessary if this reappraisal is to make people more aware of the trade-off between growth and amenity. If we all articulate the trade-off better, then there is need to manage the reallocation of resources accordingly. Here "appropriate business policies" should ideally be developed. The main hope for this seems to lie in a "qualitatively different flow of information" to the public in which "all competing forms" are excluded, which might change "normative aspirations" by switching to "non-financial ideas of value and welfare". How this is to come about, and how the modern large company is to play a part, is not explained, and neither is the impact on companies if it is achieved.

The central perception of the final chapter is that resolving social and economic conflicts requires a development of "consensus". Working out some ideas here in a hypothetical society, either national or international in character, the authors define consensus as "congruence in the perceptions of two or more actors". Consensus, if realized, will reflect the "distribution of power in society". The more bargainers (actors) there are, the less likely is consensus. But if bargainers adopt representatives, there is an averaging effect of interests represented. This encourages agreement at the top, but may leave the original bargainers dissatisfied. They must be "curbed" if the whole structure is to remain stable. This can only be done by "downward control", meaning also that the bottom gives up power to the representatives. "A consensus approach" thus is said to lead to a "very hierarchical political structure" in which "destructive" deviations from average perspectives are "minimised" by coercion, sanctions, propaganda, etc. Consensus for the authors is thus "essentially a centralist concept" which "implies collective control over individual action".

How is this set-up, in which conflict is kept low by manipulating the "level of consciousness" of the underdogs, perhaps by using modern knowledge of learning processes, to be avoided? Only, it is argued, by the emergence of "liberal managers" who "deliberately act to reduce the scope of their power and to curtail the inducement to further centralisation". The main obstacle *to their emergence* is the persistence of the values of the competitive doctrine, which in some respects are being reinforced. The authors are gloomy about the future coexistence of efficient management and liberal enlightened principles, though they see some hope in better information and reexamination of motives and the "meaning of welfare, efficency and liberalism".

The warnings are well taken and some very pertinent issues are pointed up. But it is a pity that the book did not start with these insights rather than conclude with them. Reexaminations may indeed be called for, but others are left to make them, and they will turn to the work of others like Geoffrey Vickers, Donald Schon and Neil Chamberlain, who are not mentioned but who have pondered deeply, if still inconclusively, about many aspects of these matters.

The battle of smoke

By T. C. Barker

MAURICE CORINA :
Trust in Tobacco
The Anglo-American Struggle for Power
319pp. Michael Joseph. £6.50.

The invention of a satisfactory cigarette-making machine in the early 1880s which cut manufacturing costs, and rising real incomes which encouraged sales of tobacco products of all sorts, offered plenty of scope to businessmen who were prepared to go out and sell. The two giants which emerged, Duke in America, and Wills in Britain, soon came to dominate their industries not only in their respective countries but also in many other parts of the world. American Tobacco, created in 1890, provided the resources for an invasion of the British market just over ten years later. Imperial Tobacco was then formed by thirteen British concerns to withstand the onslaught. Their combined value was just under £12m, which made Imperial one of the largest businesses in the country, and of this total Wills accounted for nearly £7m. The British and American giants were evenly matched, the contest was short and the outcome was an agreement to keep out of each other's market but to form a joint business, British American Tobacco, to exploit their products everywhere else. This labyrinthine leviathan then set about capturing a larger share of world markets by taking over competitors or driving them either into submission or out of business. As an American newspaper put it in 1907: "The Trust's desires are modest. All it wants is the earth with a barbed wire fence around it."

But the three huge companies did not have everything their own way. American Tobacco ran foul of the anti-trust laws in 1911, and in Britain competitors outside the ring, notably Gallahers, made considerable headway. So, in 1932, fearing it might become the bridgehead for another American invasion, Imperial took a large and secret holding in Gallaher but did not control its policy nor begrudge it an increasing share of the market. The Monopolies Commission allowed this arrangement to continue but Imperial parted with its investment in 1968 when, troubled by anti-smoking propaganda, it needed the resources to diversify more deeply into the food industry. A team from Philip Morris International, ostensibly in England for Wimbledon, tried to move in, but American Tobacco, aided by the City of London, won the match. Meanwhile cigarette sales throughout the world go on rising at the rate of 200,000 million a year.

Parts of this story have been told before, notably by B. W. E. Alford in his authoritative *W. D. & H. O. Wills* (1973), but never in such a wide-ranging way. Maurice Corina, a leading financial journalist, has the knack of making a rich diet of facts and figures surprisingly digestible. At times in *Trust in Tobacco*, he allows his imagination to run away with him—"The Wills family had long trembled when the name of Duke was raised in conversation"—and he has a habit of dramatizing and oversimplifying events, such as Duke's arrival in Liverpool in 1901 to buy Ogdens. He also tends to lose interest in American developments after 1911 and his account of the introduction of cigarettes into Britain in the mid-nineteenth century does not use the results of the latest research. On the other hand, he is stimulating on such topics as sales methods (including the use of coupons), the relations with tobacco growers (in Rhodesia and elsewhere, as well as in America) and the importance of control over the Molins cigarette machine (where Dr Alford takes the contrary view that Imperial's advantage was not substantial). The names of brands long forgotten and details of past cigarette-card series will bring back memories to older smokers who have survived to read them. ("Not a cough in a carload" ran one American company's slogan.)

Mr Corina has written a fascinating, readable book which can be used as a compendious work of reference. And he brings his story almost up to date with details of the diversification from tobacco into food and beyond—from Golden Wonder Crisps *via* H.P. Sauce and Ross Frozen Foods to Courage beers, cosmetics and supermarket chains—and the formation of new multinational companies to make the most of Common Market opportunities. He shows that giant concerns, ably led and spanning national boundaries, can change their shape and form and grow ever bigger despite the Industry Bill.

NEW FROM DENT

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DENT

TLS Commentary

On Consulting "Contemporary Poets of the English Language"

Dannie Abse, Douglas Dunn,
Andrew Waterman, Thom Gunn,
Peter Redgrove, Gavin Ewart,
Susan Fromberg Schaeffer, Stewart
Conn, Pete Brown, Elizabeth
Jennings, Jim Burns, George MacBeth,
Vernon Scannell, Edwin Brock,
Philip Hobsbaum, Fleur Adcock,
Brian Patten, Patricia Beer,
Colin Falck, David Rokeah,
Peter Dale and David Gill,
David Holbrook, Geoffrey Hill,
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William Empson and Frank Prewett,
Norman Hidden, David Wright,
Philip Larkin, Ivan White,
Stephen Spender, Tom McGrath,
Dom Silvester Houédard,
A. Alvarez, Herbert Lomas,
D.M., R.S., Donald Thomas,
Causley, Cunningham, Wes Magee,
Silkin, Simmons, Laurie Lee,
Peter Jay, Laurence Lerner,
David Day, W. Price Turner,
Peter Porter, Seamus Deane,
Hugo Williams, Seamus Heane-
y, Jonathan Green, Nina Steane,
C. Busby Smith and F. Pratt Green,
Fullers both and Joneses all,
Donald Davie, Donald Hall,
Muldoon, Middleton, Murphy, Miller,
Tomlinson, Tonks, Turnbull, Tiller,
Barker, Brownjohn, Blackburn, Bell,
Kirkup, Kavanagh, Kendrick, Kell,
McGough, Maclean, MacSweeney, Schmidt,
Hughes (of Crow) and (of Millstone Grit),
Alistair Elliot, Alastair Reid,
Michael Longley, Michael Fried,
Iain Hamilton (twice—the Scot
With 'Finlay' at the end, and the other not),
Adrians Henri, Mitchell, Stokes,
Lucie-Smith and Philip Oakes,
Father Levi of the Soc-
iety of Jesus, Alan Ross,
Betjeman, Nicholson, Bunting, Walker,
Pitter, Amis, Hilary Corke, a
Decad of Smiths, a Potts and a Black
Roberts Conquest, Mezey, Graves and Pack,
Hugh MacDiarmid (C. M. Grieve's
His real name, of course), James Reeves,
Hollo, Gershon, Harwood, Mahon,
Edmond Wright, Nathaniel Tarn,
Sergeant, Snodgrass, C. K. Stead,
William Shakespeare (no, he's dead),
Cole and Mole and Lowell and Bly,
Robert Nye and Atukwei Okai,
Christopher Fry and George Mackay
Brown, Wayne Brown, John Wain, K. Raine,
Jenny Joseph, Jeni Couzyn,
D. J. Enright, J. C. Hall,
C. H. Sisson and all and all . . .
What is it, you may ask, that Thwaite's
Up to in this epic ? Yeats'
Remark in the Cheshire Cheese one night
With poets so thick they blocked the light :
" No one can tell who has talent, if any.
Only one thing is certain. We are too many."

Anthony Thwaite

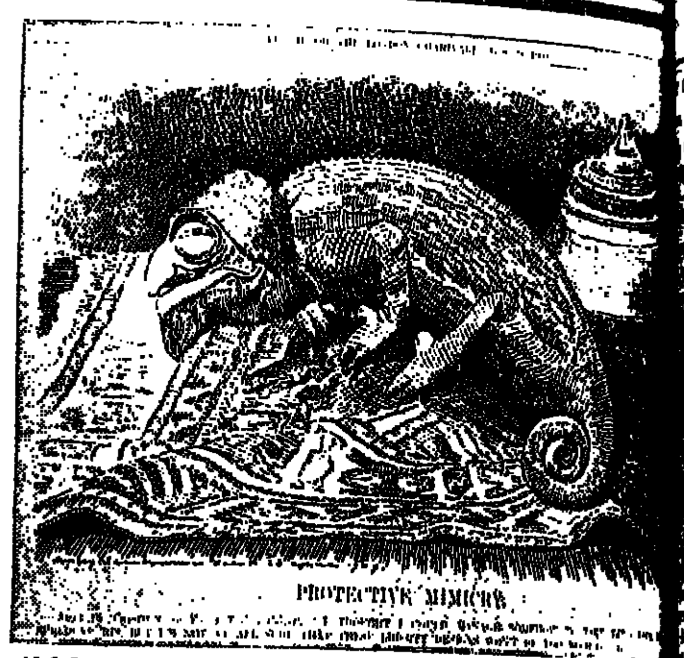
Porn to King Four

"Two woodpushers—one of them a yawner, the other a dinkboy—met at an insanity. After much sitzfleisch both whores were exed and their Nixons dangerously exposed."

If you can understand that you are likely to be "better educated" than average, like most tournament chess players, according to Kent Patterson, who finds chess slang particularly interesting for this reason. In a recent issue of *American Speech* (Columbia University Press, under the sponsorship of the American Dialect Society) he gives in "Checkschmuck!" an account of this private jargon, which is hard to understand unless you have a New York Jewish or East European linguistic background. It also sounds misleadingly orgiastic. The opening sentences (cobbled together from the glossary) can be roughly translated as follows: "Two chess players—one of them a cautious, positional player, the other a lad who plays in New York clubs on Saturdays—met at an informal open tournament. After much dull and dogged play, both queens were captured, and their kings dangerously exposed."

The same issue of *American Speech* contains "The Porn is Green", a sprightly survey by Thomas Pyles of the "taboo words" in the first volume (A—G) of the *Supplement* to the *Oxford English Dictionary*. The decidedly primmer *OED* did not specify the pronunciation of "arse"—in order, it is facetiously suggested, not to encourage its use among those who had never heard it. "Ass", we are reminded here, exemplifies an early Modern English loss of r before s—as in "cuss" for "curse".

The word "fanny" as a synonym for "ass/arse" was American in origin. In British-English it used to mean something crucially different, which is not recorded in the *Supplement* to the *OED*. It is gratifying that Professor Pyles is indebted to a review of the Supplement in the *TLS* (January 26, 1973) for this esoteric piece of knowledge. Professor Pyles does not "shrink from sullying the pages of this family journal" (ie, *American Speech*) with comments on this and related matters, citing the precedent of R. W. Burchfield (editor of the *Supplement* to the *OED*) who published an article called "Four-letter words and the *OED*" in the *TLS* of October 13, 1972. Professor Pyles is surely unnecessarily wary. But then the *TLS* never set out to be a family journal.



Abdul the Chameleon (on Young Turkey Carpet): "I thought I [...] manage somehow to take the colour of my surroundings, but I'm [...] at all sure that these Liberty designs won't be too much for [...] *Lindley Sambourne's comment in* Punch, *April 28, 1909, reprodu[...]* *Liberty's, by Alison Adburgham.*

The taste of Liberty

The stylistic range of the wares which at one time passed under those famous mock-Tudor portals in Regent's Street and are now on show until October in the Victoria and Albert Museum ("Liberty's 1875-1975"; catalogue £3), provides an unique reflection of the eccentricity of British taste over the past hundred years. Liberty's has always been an essentially superior shop, providing a refuge for those sensitive souls who shrink from the vulgarity of most commercial design. The first ladies who flocked into East India House, the original premises, and pounced on the piles of Japanese painted parasols and sukó kettles, were principally attracted by the lure of the exotic. But there was already the added appeal of avant-garde sanction, as the leading artists of the day were quick to recognize that even the most frippery oriental curio was aesthetically superior to the eclectic jumble of most High Victorian decorative ware. Soon the snob value of Liberty's became even better justified, as Arthur Liberty began to commission his own designs, first in textiles and later in furniture and other branches of the applied arts. His patronage helped promote the development of the style of design which became internationally famous as Art Nouveau. A shop whose original aim had been "to educate public taste, not follow ephemeral fashions", had become one of the most fashionable shops in Europe. By the close of the century Liberty's had become part of the Establishment, and they could afford to rest on their laurels. The rest of the story lies in their attempt to maintain a balance between their reputation for advanced design and their original image of a sanctuary of exquisite refinement.

Now the wheel has come full circle and "Stile Liberty" is back in vogue. The first Liberty designers rebelled against the unnatural embellishment of the Victorian bustle and elaborately buttoned sofa-backs, and now we are in the grip of a similar reaction against the artificiality of stiff Courrèges clothes and stark Bauhaus-derived furniture. As a result most people are well disposed to enjoy the fluidity of soft folds of rose-printed silk and the graceful elegance of the curling tendrils on a set of silver teaspoons.

The Pre-Raphaelites had placed a high premium on colour, and a preference for rich but muted hues was well established as an important part of the aesthetic sensibility. Even the early adaptations of traditional Indian patterns were produced in a variety of exquisite colours, ranging from "Persian Pink and Venetian Red" to "Willow Green, Soft Brown and Drab". But soon these neat rows of stylized flowers began to be supplanted by the organic rhythms of the vast poppies and irises of Lindsay Butterfield and C. F. A. Voysey. Their patterns of long-stemmed and heavy-headed flowers, twi[...] sinuous profusion, remain [...] the most striking achievem[...] the Liberty style. But eve[...] most yielding of their tender [...] are ranged with an exact se[...] delicate precision.

The relationship of Liber[...] European Art Nouveau is [...] plained by Alison Adburgham [...] informative and interesting [...] *Liberty's: A Biography of* [...] (160pp. Allen and Unwin. [...] Although it is clear that [...] designs were a formative in[...] on the European styles, the [...] never approved of the vio[...] tortions of the original [...] which later flourished in [...] Vienna. Instead they ste[...] favoured an essentially disci[...] approach, which is perhaps [...] exemplified by their silver[...] The "Cymric" range of je[...] and silverware incorporated [...] vival of Celtic forms, and [...] result the wayward delicacy [...] Nouveau is infused with a [...] concentrated vigour. The [...] lines cling to the sides of [...] forms, punctuated at interval[...] protruding turquoises and [...] semi-precious stones.

The struggle, initiated by [...] liam Morris well over a hu[...] years ago, to maintain the va[...] craftsmanship in an Industri[...] is still with us today. [...] Liberty recognized the need [...] individual and special object[...] successfully transformed the [...] of Morris into a highly pro[...] business venture. But in so [...] he not only provided an out[...] some of the most talented des[...] of the day, but also boosted [...] the standard and the reputa[...] British design. It seems ch[...] to say the least, to quibble wi[...] motives, when we are sti[...] patently enjoying the fruits [...] acumen.

Letters [...]gland

This novel is a[...] of women for men. The [...] women and the gentlest of [...] fought for Hitler meet [...] of pastoral Highgate in [...] is a dance of opposites.

'An astonishing [...] evoked... His is a strange [...] by turns devious and de[...] one into the still centre [...] in which one's own prosa[...] S. Times

'A weird tale [...] demonic possession . . . [...] ambivalence and peculiarity. It [...] without mercy.' Glasgow [...]

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A patrician sense of order

By John Holloway

[...]LLING :
[...]rnold and his Critics
[...] Arnold's Controversies
[...] University Press. $10.

[...] ARNOLD :
[...]te Prose Works
[...]: Philistinism in England
[...] R. H. Super
[...] Arbor: University of
[...]ress. $15.

[...] find it easy to review [...] Matthew Arnold. [...] began to occupy my [...] immediately after the Second World War, and [...] more than anyone [...] those studies into the [...] had for me. They still [...] shape in spite of a grow[...] as the years pass, that in [...] language today, one [...] grows more and more [...] to many of one's [...]

[...] confusion of the present [...] great, the multitude of [...] different things [...]", Arnold wrote in the [...] his *Poems* of 1853. Certainly the confusion was present in [...] after the war: and cer[...] was also, as it happened, [...] of voices counselling [...] things for me personally [...] years. But before counsel is [...] two things are needed. [...] in place, those who listen [...] are always likely to be [...] themselves "But what [...] to be right ?" The [...] counsel must somehow or [...] secured against that scepti[...] hardly, there should be a [...] the counsel comes not [...] chance and happy intui[...] wilful, isolated felicity, [...] considered sense of the [...] what Arnold himself [...] *magister vitae*. For me in [...] Arnold passed those [...] most living men did not.

[...] said himself in a letter of [...] Arnold may have had less [...] sentiment" than some, [...] "intellectual vigour and [...]" than others; but he [...] fusion of the two" more [...]; and, above all, he [...] me at that time to stand [...] how he had "more regu[...] that fusion to the main [...] modern development". [...] the "hand to guide him [...] the confusion", and the [...] prescribe to him the aim [...] should keep in view" [...] what Arnold says the [...] wants) were for me, [...] of the 1950s, Arnold's [...]

[...] the great things drawing [...] Arnold in those years was [...] was no mere philosopher. [...] abstractions had seemed to [...] and engrossing, but [...] came to give practical [...] (of his fundamental prin[...] morals, say) he was like [...] Arnold knew things. His [...] out from a few central conceptions ("what I must still call ideas" were his own words for that), but it did so through dense arrays of particulars, and these were supplied by a questing intelligence and an avid, omnivorous interest in detail. A false reading in Isaiah, which part of the egg supplies the chicken's growth, how the best Ordnance Survey maps are printed—Arnold wants to know all that and everything else too. He calls such matters "instrument-knowledge", he does not overrate it, he knows perfectly well what matters more; but he had it all the same. If he was a "reflecting man", as he liked to call himself, it was reflection on the basis of a rich and various knowledge.

What above all immersed Arnold in the life and activity of his time, almost right up until his last year of life, was his full-time work as an inspector of schools. "I have had a hard day. Thirty pupil teachers to examine in an inconvenient room, and nothing to eat except a biscuit"; "the day before yesterday up at seven . . . Ipswich at eleven . . . 250 boys, 150 girls and 150 infants, and the pupil teachers of these schools to examine. I fell at once to work." So, year in year out, it went on, in the provinces or in the East End of London. Later, of course, there were extended professional visits to France or elsewhere, and *The Popular Education of France*, the classic *A French Eton*, and other such writings were the fruits of them. Many periodical articles like—to cite just one—"The Twice-Revised Code", published in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1862 (anonymously, so as not to affront Arnold's bosses) show his detailed involvement in the educational issues and controversies of the day.

But this piece, and in the end indeed all his controversial essays, could not come simply out of his experience in the inspectorate. It came, too, from a lively and never-flagging interest in the range of current events, and an insatiable reading and rereading, late and early, not only of those abiding works, classical or modern, which constituted his base, but also of contemporary books and articles of scholarship or controversy in many fields, as they came out. "Without the slightest effort I get up at six. . . . It is a great thing in my favour that I am utterly indifferent about the time of my breakfast." Arnold wrote those words to his mother in 1861, and in them one glimpses how a full-time worker who was also a scholar and a "reflecting man" found time in addition to keep abreast of the age in such detailed and lively fashion.

If, many years ago, I had had my way, Sidney Coulling's book would never have seen the light of day. In the mid-1950s a new research student asked me to suggest an Arnold subject to him, and I suggested that he should work out the detail of Arnold's involvement in the manifold tissue of contemporary controversy. It was sound advice, I think; though that particular man wished, as Keats put the matter, to give himself up to other sensations. Now, many years later (and with much work, published or unpublished, having been done over the intervening years) we have in *Matthew Arnold and his Critics* a detailed, sustained and illuminating picture of that involvement from Professor Coulling. Arnold found time, in the intervals of a busy professional and a warm and lively social and domestic life, for constant participation, always with a studied sense of tactics and occasion, in contemporary writing and controversy. *Matthew Arnold and his Critics* might have been somewhat more illuminating if it had had a general introductory chapter on the world of the great mid-Victorian periodicals—*The Nineteenth Century*, *Blackwood's*, the *Fortnightly*, *Macmillan's*, the *Contemporary*, the *North British*, *Fraser's* and many others, supplemented as these were by much comparatively serious debate in the newspapers, and supplementing and debating the strong and steady current of new ideas and facts that appeared first as published book or public lecture. The whole made something of an integrated intellectual milieu in which as a matter of fact there was a good deal of banality and commonplace, and more solemn littleness than we shall imagine if we think of Arnold's writing as the staple. But at the same time, there was a vigour and solidity, as well as a variety of voices, which is quite unfamiliar today.

Such was the world Arnold had in mind in 1863, when he wrote: "one at last has a chance of getting at the English public. Such a public as it is, and such a work as one wants to do with it!" Professor Coulling traces the press and periodical response to Arnold's own articles or lectures—simply, how they "went down". This kind of thing has become a common academic preoccupation, and in my view only a limited interest attaches to it. But the book also disentangles a much more interesting thread that runs through that. Arnold was a watchful and dexterous controversialist as well as an original thinker. When he met with an unfavourable response, he seldom failed to rejoin (though often enough obliquely and after a lapse of time), and he seldom failed to improve his own position when he restated it. So, as the continuities of the debates begin to emerge, Arnold's better-known essays fall into some significantly new perspectives and some lesser-known ones assume a new interest. The celebrated "Function of Criticism at the Present Time", for example stands in substantial continuity with Arnold's earlier piece entitled "The Bishop and the Philosopher", and so to the whole extended controversy about Bishop Colenso's simple-minded polemics on the Bible. Arnold's essays on "Spinoza and the Bible" (originally planned as a letter to *The Times* replying to a letter in the *Spectator* by F. D. Maurice) and also the little-read "Dean Stanley on the Jewish Church" belong to this same general line as well.

Much has appeared between the middle 1950s and today which makes it easier to fill in such continuities; most of all, perhaps, the steady appearance of the successive volumes of R. H. Super's *Complete Prose Works of Matthew Arnold*. *Philistinism in England and America* will probably turn out to be one of the most miscellaneous volumes in the entire set; but it contains some classic pieces, and also some little-known work that would fit straight into Professor Coulling's line of thought. "A Comment on Christmas", for example (this was a periodical article of 1885), shows Arnold still pursuing some of the wider implications of the Colenso controversy of over twenty years earlier. Most interesting of all, undoubtedly, is the edited reprint of Arnold's version of Isaiah.

This enterprise was originally carried out by Arnold as a reading edition for schools. It is of great significance. It brings together two of Arnold's major interests, religion and literature, in a definitive kind of way, and the remarkable introduction (included in Professor Super's new volume) shows how this is so. "From no poetry and literature, not even from our own Shakespeare and Milton . . . have I received so much delight and stimulus as from Homer and Isaiah", Arnold writes. This is the great impact, and so the great strength, that he seeks to make adequately available to the young; steering, as he goes, between the Charybdis of the Authorized Version (if one may so speak) with its unhistorical order, misinterpreted prophecies and incomprehensible mistranslations, and Scylla of the Revised Version, then immediately in prospect, and some recent scholarly retranslations of Isaiah that pleased Arnold as little as did Francis Newman's *Homer*.

Arnold's own method was simple and bold. He retained the Authorized Version whenever it was near enough to accuracy, and so preserved its supreme quality as literature. When it stumbled, he just dovetailed in some words of his own, as near in style as he could. One can scarcely believe one's eyes at the nerve of it, and then one can scarcely believe them again, so often does it come off. "Who is blind but he that is perfect ?", "then shalt thou see and flow together" and the rest are put to rights, and Arnold's claim to be enough of a Hebraist to follow the research that had been done and choose among the results was a justifiable one. Professor Super's new volume seems to me worth having for this alone.

And yet . . . and yet. . . . It was a noble, a patrician enterprise on Arnold's part. It shows a patrician confidence. Why did it fall into utter obscurity ? Because there was a major respect in which, to use his own word, Arnold is not "adequate" for us, and we see it here. His work came out of a rich acquaintance with the current world and understanding of its press of affairs. Literary studies, for him, were no hole-and-corner academicism which implied turning one's back on public life but an authoritative clue and guide and inspiration through the whole of it. Literary studies constituted, in themselves, the patrician role. But even in so putting it, one admits an essentially conservative side to what Arnold himself, and rightly, saw as an essentially liberal position.

When the free play of the mind, and seeing the object as in itself it really was, and knowing the best that had been known and thought in the world, had all been given their day, all the old familiar landmarks would turn out to be where they had been all the time. We should get, in the end, a great state education, and it would study Greek "more rationally than at present", to be sure, but for all that, Homer and Isaiah and high seriousness, Goethe and literary studies and a Diotima-like desire for the Good, would prevail as ever. The rising working class ("populace") would have a transformed middle class to take as its model of perfection, while lubricity, Home Rule for Ireland and tearing up the Hyde Park railings (if I may link such disparates) would remain in disgrace in the wings. Only in a world where all that came true could one really think of a seventh-century BC Hebrew nationalist tract, in a seventeenth-century AD English translation put to rights by a nineteenth-century DCL, "Formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford", as a supreme and inescapable *point de repère*.

Arnold did not allow enough either for original sin, or for the terrible expendability of culture—or for men's capacity to "make it new". Of a piece with this was his unawareness of some of the great anti-rationalist, disruptive, even cataleptic writers of his own time: Büchner, Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky—one may add Shchedrin and perhaps Hardy. Such writers were already marking out a sense of life and of art that would enable the young of a century later than Arnold simply to forget his touchstones, both literary and religious. Faced with either the discoveries or the horrors of the twentieth century, there is a sense in which the sweet reasonableness that Arnold saw as the saving insight of Christianity becomes a conception of Saharan aridity.

Arnold did not see this. He did not provide for it. As a result he dates much more than I at least can like. He spoke of the need to perfect and transform, but for him perfection was a known and retrievable thing, to be studied over the past; and "transform" really meant "re-form". The point comes out at once if his writings on culture are set beside a twentieth-century book like J. C. Powys's *The Meaning of Culture*. Culture for Powys was

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Oxford University Press

wholly personal, it was a man's inmost and ownmost secret, self-engendered with merely the aid of past monuments of culture that the individual explored as if they were virgin land. For Arnold culture was a corpus of understanding that was handed down by the great schools and universities, though more so in France and Germany. It was *out there.* In a charming letter of 1867 Arnold writes, speaking of his brother and his son: "Tom and I pulled little Tom in a boat for some time. . . ." But always, also, there was Great Tom: the father and headmaster from whom culture came safely down, needing only to be retouched and perfected; Freud's primal sin, parricide, seemed far away.

"... but rain was threatening", that boating letter went on. Well, it was threatening in a far wider sense, and now it has fallen upon us. It is easy to exaggerate the cultural weaknesses and difficulties of the present age, but in some ways they are certainly more acute than any Arnold knew. Our culture is more in disarray and fragments, our philistinism more rampant and ingrained, and our margin for delay and error almost gone. In these circumstances, the key passage in one of Arnold's key pieces, "Literature and Science" (it is in the new Super volume) is to the point. How, Arnold asks, does great literature achieve its unsurpassable effect upon us? His reply is all part of the patrician position: "I cannot tell, and I am not much concerned to know." The early I. A. Richards forgot the warning implicit in those defensively supercilious words. Arnold goes on: "[but] this art and poetry . . . have a fortifying and elevating, and quickening and suggestive power, capable of wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for conduct, our need for beauty."

There, in a nutshell, is Arnold's sense of the worth of literary study as an education—a major one, not a minor. Literary study is our master-clue, oblique no doubt, but decisive to "the main line of modern development". That, anyhow, is what Arnold's writings taught me nearly thirty years ago. I am too old now to learn a new tune: only to know, when I hear it, that it is nothing short of a betrayal. When I hear literary study accounted for as a specialist branch of history, or those whose heart ought to be in what is at the heart of literary study preoccupied only with how to set out an erudite reference, I recall what Arnold knew first hand: the "petty pottering habits" of educational pundits, and the "blinking and hushing-up system" that protects them and enshrines their follies.

Arnold has a last thing to offer. Had he been less of a patrician himself, he might have come home still more to ourselves. Not only did he know what literary studies were: certain great things, not little ones. Not only does he offer his winning and equable temper of mind: "the world here seems more perturbed and exacerbated than of old", he wrote of Oxford in 1861, and if you allow exacerbation to dominate, every word you utter tells how the great literature you write of has missed its great effect.

Those matters Arnold had from his background and inheritance. Honour is due to him for them, but today, perhaps more urgently, there is something else we need even before them. Arnold had it, though he had so much else that it is not conspicuous. We glimpse this something else when he writes, in "Bishop Butler and the Zeitgeist", of the great primary instinct of human self-preservation that speaks more magisterially and profoundly to men even than Butler's conscience. It is there again when, in "On the Modern Element in Literature", he ponders on why Sophocles survived while Menander (so far as then was known) did not. Most clearly, to my knowledge, it is there in a fine letter of 1863:

> I can feel, I rejoice to say, an inward spring which seems more and more to gain strength, and to promise to resist outward shocks, if they must come, however rough. But of this inward spring one must not talk, for it does not like being talked about, and threatens to depart if one will not leave it in mystery.

That almost Lawrentian vein in Arnold is especially precious, I believe, to us today. Perhaps it can lead us back towards his other gifts and powers, and to the patrician sense of order and integration and permanence that he also had, and that we so much lack and so much need.

To the Editor

The State of Denmark

Sir,—National pride and a sense of fair play bid me to protest against a passage in Joel Hurstfield's review (April 18) of Lady Antonia Fraser's biography of King James VI and I. Referring to John Harington's description of the reception by King James of his brother-in-law, King Christian of Denmark and Norway, he writes: "But the King of Denmark was indeed an alcoholic of majestic proportions . . .".

He was nothing of the kind. Though certainly a hearty drinker (like most of his contemporaries), his well-recorded personal courage, his zeal and skill as an administrator, his restless energy and activity in general, his numerous well-written letters and diaries—all contradict the opinion of the reviewer—taken from the author?—as to the King's state of health.

Furthermore the poor man had evidently come under very bad influence at the court of King James. For, if we are to believe John Harington, the real drunkards, and most probably alcoholics too, were the English, gloriously led by the young ladies of the court who were unable to walk upright at the reception.

The Danish King is on record as having been drunk too, but his well-known generosity and politeness to ladies could well have induced him to take just one glass too many.

The eager reader of English historical biographies is sometimes struck by a superficial and even contemptuous treatment of persons and events as soon as the Channel or North Sea are crossed. The case of Christian is typical, and so is the treatment of his poor, certainly insignificant sister Anne, whom British authors, with puritan ardour, blame for being an eager dancer at balls. But how many young women would have restrained themselves from this—and particularly in a forced marriage to a person like James?

Perhaps she did not, but she was no more a nymphomaniac than her brother was an alcoholic.

HENRIK BRAMSEN.
Royal Academy of Fine Arts,
Copenhagen, Denmark.

'Young Thomas Hardy'

Sir,—I am sorry that two such distinguished Hardy scholars as R. L. Purdy (July 4) (to whom I owe and have acknowledged so much), and Howard Bliss (July 25) should find fault with the few remarks in my *Young Thomas Hardy* which suggest that Hardy's second wife, Florence Emily Dugdale, gave the world a distorted idea of his first wife, Emma Lavinia Gifford.

Professor Purdy and Mr Bliss both knew the second Mrs Hardy in the 1930s, when, I am very ready to believe, she showed no criticism or animosity toward the first Mrs Hardy. However, every scholar who has studied what she wrote twenty years earlier, in the 1910s, has detected this animosity, which is no novelty of my invention, but an accepted and fully documented fact.

To take only a few examples: on January 13, 1913, only a few weeks after Emma's death, Florence wrote to Edward Clodd describing Hardy's first marriage as "long evenings spent alone in his study, insult and abuse his only enlivenment". In a letter to Rebekah Owen of June 13, 1916, Florence refers to Emma as Hardy's "late espoused saint", a Miltonic quotation in which C. J. Weber has rightly detected extreme sarcasm. Her animosity extended to all close members of Emma's family. Writing again to Rebekah Owen, on October 25, 1915, she accused them (inaccurately) of bankruptcy, insanity, and misconduct (unspecified) during Hardy's engagement to Emma, on which J. O. Bailey, a discreet critic, has noted, "Some jealousy is possible in this outpouring". Moreover, in conversation she extended these accusations to Emma herself, saying, according to V. H. Collins, "that she, [Emma], came of tainted stock."

I agree with your interesting correspondent M. P. Fardon, who lists some of Florence's deletions of favourable views of Emma, that it is "regrettable that Hardy scholarship finds it necessary to resurrect the matter"; but I did not myself resurrect it. My *Young Thomas Hardy* largely covers the years 1840-1876; there are, naturally, very few references to Florence (born 1879), less than a dozen in the whole book; these are almost entirely confined to my factual demonstration that Florence's view of Emma has left us with something far from the truth. It is sad that my defence and rehabilitation of the reputation of Hardy's first wife should have offended those gentlemen who knew his second wife in later days.

ROBERT GITTINGS.
Dodds, East Dean, Chichester.

'The Duke of Newcastle'

Sir,—The final paragraph of Paul Langford's review of my *The Duke of Newcastle* (July 18) seems to call for comment. Dr Langford rejects my assertion that in the 1760s Newcastle played a prominent role in giving shape to Whig policies toward America. He writes that "not a shred of evidence is offered for this view". But I believe that evidence *is* offered, and I think that implicit in this criticism may be a more fundamental disagreement about what constitutes evidence and legitimate inference therefrom.

I make the assertion about Newcastle's influence in two different contexts. First, I believe it is true with regard to the Rockingham administration itself. Then I believe it is true for Whiggery as it developed during the 1770s, after Newcastle's death. But as the second conclusion depends heavily on the first, in as much as the post-mortem influence was chiefly a consequence of the inalterability of the record of what the Rockinghams actually did when in power, Dr Langford is right to focus attention on the years 1765-66 in assessing the validity of the assertion.

The case against Newcastle's influence being important would seem to be threefold: his reiterated lament that his advice was disregarded by his colleagues, a statement of his ambivalence penned in mid-December 1765, and his absence from the critical meeting of late December where policy was finally determined. The first point is very suspect, since Newcastle was notorious for believing himself disregarded. The second is more telling, but in light of what I shall say below might be regarded as an example of his inability to purge himself of doubts. The third is irrelevant, since his views were well known.

The case *for* Newcastle's influence is as follows. Newcastle had long been known as a politician who deemed legislative meddling in America inexpedient. He is one of the very few important politicians known to have been uneasy over the passage of the Stamp Act. At the very time that the ministry was deciding in mid-October 1765 to enforce the Stamp Act, Newcastle was telling Rockingham that he saw little good coming from "enforcing the execution of . . . the Stamp Duty". Three months later he wrote that he had always thought the repeal the great and essential point. Moreover, he had been instrumental in winning Lord Dartmouth, known for his pro-American inclinations, for the Board of Trade.

In sum, excepting Conway, Newcastle was the earliest of the Rockinghams to deplore the Stamp Act. Later, when Conway tried to use the seals to enforce the measure, Newcastle was the most dubious about the secretary's prospects for success. Meanwhile, too old to hold an onerous office himself, he made sure that the voice of Dartmouth would be heard on American affairs in ministerial counsels. Repeal was his programme, and repeal was secured.

What may be legitimately inferred from these facts? Probably several things. But when one considers Newcastle's reputation as an intelligent viewer of foreign situations, recalls that he had the prestige of a former first lord of the treasury, and notes that Sir William Baker and Rose Fuller advised him, it hardly seems rash to infer that Newcastle "was one of the principal formulators of the Whig attitude toward America". And even if one dissents, it seems more than a bit hyperbolic to assert that "not a shred of evidence" supports the inference.

REED BROWNING.
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'The Age of Madness'

Sir,—G. M. Carstairs's review (July 25) of Thomas Szasz's *Ceremonial Chemistry*, in which he describes the author as the "perennial belligerent polemicist" and warns against his many half-truths, was by chance supported by Dr Szasz's letter in the same issue. This letter, although said to be pointing out an inaccuracy in another review, is itself misleading in its selective quotation.

While the figures for individual illnesses do not appear to be available, the correct figure for the proportion of psychiatric patients admitted "informally" (i e, as perfectly free citizens) to mental illness hospitals in this country is 84 per cent (Department of Health and Social Security Mental Health Enquiry, 1971)—which supports the original point, against which Dr Szasz protests, that here "involuntary hospitalization is rapidly becoming the exception rather than the rule". There *does* seem to be more freedom here: Dr Szasz in *The Manufacture of Madness* quotes the United States figure as at highest 10 per cent of psychiatric hospitalizations on a voluntary basis.

ANDREW C. SMITH.
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'Laurence Sterne'

Sir,—In his generally excellent review of Arthur H. Cash's *Laurence Sterne* (July 18) Matthew Hodgart faults the author for "inadequate appreciation of the great physical charm of York and of the North Riding countryside". True or not, this is scarcely relevant since the work under review is not autobiography. More importantly, he goes on to say that "surely so much natural beauty, such a ravishing combination of the wild and the civilized . . . must have had a profound effect on Sterne's sensibility". Must it? Where is the evidence in Sterne's works?

Readers today find it difficult to remember the attitude towards nature which cultivated men took as a matter of course two hundred years ago. NATURE (as Sterne was to print the word) was not hills and vales and wooded dells. It was not even the great Yorkshire downs. It was a concept more abstract than concrete; it was general truth, normal reality in man and in the universe. It was totally unWordsworthian. Professor Cash gets it right.

Coxwold, Mr Hodgart tells us, is "still one of the most villages in England". In particularly charming Shandy Hall has been opened to the public. Cash will come to that in his volume. There is no d Sterne loved his old house, for the village he was happy as when he could leave drive to York, fifteen miles Nor did York attract him "physical charm" so far know. Sterne went there social and intellectual life it

There is no reason to assu Sterne's attitude towards the hills surrounding Coxwold from Johnson's toward the lands: "Before me, and on side, were high hills, which dering the eye from ranging the mind to find entertainm itself." Should a biographer records this attitude be charge inadequate appreciation of n

HARLAN W. HAMILT
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Branksome Park, Poole,
BH13 6EA.

Beaux Gestes

Sir,—Clarence Tracy's chiding letter (August 1) ing my review of *The Oxford of Literary Anecdotes* is I re-read my piece several over—a pleasure which obey law of diminishing returns— cannot for the life of me see I should be accused for all that Johnson disapproved of dotes; which he did not. I that Johnson sternly disappro disseminating unmethodical which is true. I then pointe that Johnson used cogent det poets' private lives in his *Li the Poets* and thus contribut the development of "a mor tailed and picturesque form erary history".

Johnson loved anecdotes. I. But then I also enjoy unme cal trivia.

FRANK MU
Anners, Thorpe, Egham, Su

'Socialists and the Empire'

Sir,—Ernest Bevin told the La party conference in 1937: "Th Austro-Hungarian Empire was nomically perhaps the sou thing that existed in Europe. hope we shall have no more of Bruegel's silly queries (July Certainly I do not intend to them.

A. J. P. TAYL
London.

Whiteley engravings

Sir,—The cut-outs Whiteley's catalogue (Comme August 1) are from wood-en ings *not* steel engravings.

REYNOLDS STO
The Old Rectory, Litton Ch
Dorchester, Dorset.

Among this week's contributors

C. L. BARBER is the author of *Shakespeare's Festive Comedy*, 1959.

MICHAEL BEESLEY is Professor of Economics at the London School of Business Studies.

GAY CLIFFORD'S *The Transformations of Allegory* was published last year.

DONALD DAVIE is the author of *Thomas Hardy and British Poetry*, 1972, and his latest book of verse, *The Shires*, appeared last year.

MARY DOUGLAS is Professor of Social Anthropology at University College London. Her most recent book is *Natural Symbols*, 1970.

F. R. H. DU BOULAY is Professor of Medieval History at Bedford College, London.

JULIUS GOULD is Professor of Sociology at the University of Nottingham.

JOHN HOLLOWAY'S books include *The Victorian Sage*, 1953, and *The Establishment of English*, 1972.

PAUL IGNOTUS is the author of *Hungary*, 1972.

JAMES JOLL is Professor of International History at the University of London. His most recent book is *Europe since 1870*.

PETER J. KEATING is the author of *The Working Classes in Victorian Fiction*, 1971.

DAVID KIRBY is a Lecturer at School of Slavonic and East pean Studies, University of

GORDON LEFF is Professor of Hi at the University of York. His recent book is *William of Ock The Metamorphosis of Schol Discourse*, 1974.

MICHAEL MASON is a Lecturer English at University Col London.

VALERIE PEARL is Reader in Hi at University College London author of *London and the Outb of the Puritan Revolution*, 1961.

HARRY SHUKMAN is a Fellow of Antony's College, Oxford.

RICHARD SOUTHERN'S books inclu *The Victorian Theatre*, 1970, *The Staging of Plays bef Shakespeare*, 1973.

HILARY SPURLING is the author *Ivy When Young*, the first vol of a biography of Ivy Comp Burnett, 1974.

HUGH STEPHENSON is author of *Th Coming Clash*.

KENNETH VARTY is author of *Re nard the Fox*.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN is Professor French at Westfield College, Lo don, and author of *The Concep the Avant-Garde*, 1973.

Windows on the world

By Peter Keating

BRIAN V. STREET:
The Savage in Literature
Representations of "Primitive" Society in English Fiction 1858-1920
207pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5.75

in *The Savage in* concerned with the "primitive" people (mainly African) in h fiction of the late early twentieth cen literary world he habited not by Oth and Oroonoko, but by the River, Tarzan of the Tabu Dick. His main that the distorted pic the life in fiction of is not, as it is often a crude expression and political imperial reflects the most anthropological thinking Occasionally it is pos direct influence, as ship between Rider Andrew Lang, though it is a matter of novel up current ideas and them in their work. of this kind are notori to make convincingly, so in this particular the presuppositions of seem somewhat dis modern readers, it is be derive directly from the ideas of many century scientists."

are "dubious" they grew out of unre on evolutionary and with the rival heredity and environ and progress, and monogeny, being publicly by the Anthro Society of London and a larger audience by the *The Popular Mag Anthropology*, founded in of the discussion was, theoretical. Africa was for all that was dark, and unknown; an inex source of unverifiable tales; and a fertile area for armchair anthro When popular novelists exotic lands for new and material, as they did in from the 1870s onwards, upon this climate of ing some myths, and supplementing experience with current findings. Such forays and were, however, home the viewpoint adopted white man rather than As Dr Street points out, "tell us more about themselves than people they purport to

striking illustration of blatant mood of white that dominates most of discussed. In R. M. Bal *Coral Island* (1858) the pure in delight at their island, and thirteen-year sketches out a pro tion:

> an island all to our We'll take possession in of the king; we'll go the service of its black Of course we'll rise, to the top of affairs. always do in savage

they do, at least in the "ethnographic" novel. The heroes are usually white and their adventures demonstrate the innate superiority of Western culture. In *King Solomon's Mines* (1885) Sir Henry Curtis is labelled "the great Englishman", though to give as strong a sense of racial purity as possible it is stressed that he looks like an "ancient Dane". When he leads the native warriors into battle he carries a shield, wears a plumed helmet and fights naturally with an axe. He sounds, and in the illustrations to the novel looks, ridiculous, but his dress and fighting skills are offered as totally appropriate.

Heredity is all-important: environment counts for little. Lord Greystoke, Tarzan's father, is described as "the type of Englishman . . . of historic achievement . . . a strong, virile man—mentally, morally, and physically". Tarzan inherits all of this, plus a bit more, and has the added advantage of being brought up by the apes. He adapts to the jungle, but it is the blood of a Victorian aristocrat that pulls him through. Again and again the "brute" in him battles with the "gentleman", and his culminating triumph comes when he seizes the beautiful white woman, Jane Porter, and carries her off to his hut. All goes well until bedtime when Tarzan overcomes the "instincts of the savage ape-man", indicates to Jane that she is *safe*, and goes to sleep outside: "Now, in every fibre of his being, heredity spoke louder than training."

The eponymous hero of L. P. Greene's *Tabu Dick* (1933) who was conceived as someone who could "give the celebrated Tarzan a good fight", enjoys an equally rigorous jungle upbringing, and soon excels in all native skills, paradoxically because he is white. Even more surprising are the youthful white heroes who triumph without any kind of training at all. In John Buchan's *Prester John* (1910) the young Davie, fresh to Africa from Edinburgh, outwits the powerful black politician John Laputa; while Ballantyne's schoolboys defeat marauding cannibals, rescue a young native girl in the cause of true love, and help the missionaries bring Christian peace to the South Seas.

Sir Henry Curtis, Tarzan and Tabu Dick are natural giants among men: a significantly different figure is the white man who succeeds by acquired knowledge of native ways and customs. Kipling's Strickland, who "held the extraordinary theory that a policeman in India should try to know as much about the natives as they know about themselves", probably established the type. He is followed by Captain Arcoll in *Prester John* who claims: "I've been all my life at this native business. I can talk every dialect and I have the customs of every tribe by heart."

Both men are masters of disguise, capable of moving freely throughout their respective continents, helping the white man and fooling the black. The respect implied by their taking the trouble to learn dialects and understand customs is obliterated by the ease with which they turn this knowledge against the natives. Edgar Wallace's *Sanders of the River* (1911) also claims special knowledge of the African and reduces it to a simple formula: "By Sanders's code you trusted all natives up to the same point as you trust children." Sanders is supported by his Houssa police force, steamboat, and Maxim gun, but he has the frame of mind of a stern paternalistic headmaster. When one local chief is disobedient Sanders marches into his village and canes him.

As the dominant attitude in this literature is ethnocentric, it is understandable that the most memorable characters should be white. The gulf between "civilized" and "primitive" races could be crossed one way but never bridged. Dr Street observes that at the end of the nineteenth century the Southern Cross came to signify for travellers the moment when civilization was left behind, and he quotes Conan Doyle's recorded thoughts at Sarras, that it felt "wonderful to look south and to see the distant peaks said to be in Dongala, with nothing but savagery and murder lying between".

Writers as different from each other as Kipling and E. M. Forster were less gloomily happy about the prospect than Conan Doyle, but they shared the assumption that East and West could never come together. In *The Broken Road* (1907) A. E. W. Mason made an unusual attempt to examine in some detail the cultural problems experienced by an Indian educated in England. Heredity wins in the end, but Mason does at least recognize that a two-way process is involved, as Forster was to later. A more representative stance is to be found in the unforgettable opening of *Prester John* when the Reverend John Laputa strips off his clerical dress and performs mystic rites on the Fifeshire coast.

Laputa is exceptional in his awareness of political issues. When accused of trying to "'wipe out the civilisation of a thousand years and turn us all into savages'", he replies: "'You misunderstand me. It is because I have sucked civilization dry that I know the bitterness of the fruit. I want a simpler and better world, and I want that world for my own people.'" The main reason given for the failure of his pan-African movement is not however, political. Captain Arcoll explains:

> "I said he was an educated man, but he is also a Kaffir. He can see the first stage of a thing, and maybe the second, but no more. That is the native mind."

The conviction that the native mind is childlike and unable at any level to match Western intelligence recurs. Dr Street demonstrates how this belief was shared by both anthropologists and popular novelists, and his careful analysis of the contradictions and confusions it involved makes up the best part of his book. The native was simple and gullible, yet devious and violent; he could be regarded as possessing the hidden secrets of life and at the same time be prostrated with fear by one of those eclipses of the sun which fictional white travellers seemed able to arrange so conveniently. Being basically a child his religious beliefs could be dismissed as superstitions; his warfare rituals as blind savagery; and his life made subject to the arbitrary whims of his superiors. "Have these wretched creatures no law among themselves?" Ralph asks in *Coral Island*:

> "None", replied Bill. "The chief's word is law. He might kill and eat a dozen of his own subjects any day for nothing more than his own pleasure and nobody would take the least notice of it."

Ballantyne's closely observed description of native customs and beliefs, especially of "tabu" and kingship, are, as Dr Street remarks, rendered meaningless by making the true heroes of his novel the missionaries who sweep away heathen practices and replace them by Christian ritual.

Although white superiority never disappears entirely from the ethnographic novel, Ballantyne's dismissiveness is gradually balanced by greater understanding as novelists followed the developing trend in anthropology towards a more objective analysis of other cultures. In *Allan Quartermain* (1887) Haggard gently mocks the ritualized life of his "civilized" lady readers, telling them what he knows they will never believe, that "in all essentials the savage and the child of civilization are identical". And in *Nada the Lily* (1892) he made a daring attempt to dispense with the conventional white hero and set the novel entirely within a world of Zulu attitudes and values. If not entirely successful, it produced in Umslopogaas almost the only black character in these novels who is as memorable as the white ape and wolf men. By the time of *Tabu Dick*, ridiculous as his adventures are, it was possible for a popular novelist to refer to taboo not simply as a foolish superstition, but as a fundamental and deeply held belief with a real function in this particular society.

Dr Street takes as his stopping point the moment when anthropologists began to develop fieldwork methods and to adopt a more relativistic attitude towards different cultures. He offers some hints of the effect these new methods had upon later novelists (especially D. H. Lawrence) but they are left as hints. The anthropologists he is mainly concerned with are Andrew Lang, Max Müller, E. B. Tylor, and Sir James Frazer; all pre-Malinowski, and working at a time when "threadbare academic theories were hung up beside long-held prejudices with which they often clashed".

The task Dr Street set himself was a difficult one and he succeeds only by rigorously restricting the scope and method of his inquiry. Historical events are hardly touched upon so that at times we have the curious spectacle of a parade of fictional imperial heroes without, as it were, imperialism. Furthermore, because Dr Street uses the word "popular" as virtually a synonym for "minor" some other limitations and omissions should be mentioned. Kipling is under-represented: the enormous influence he exerted is given little emphasis and, surprisingly, *The Jungle Book* is ignored, though surely Mowgli's upbringing by the wolves established a type, or an idea of a type, to be used by many later writers. Conrad makes only a brief appearance, while, allowing for differences in quality, Robert Louis Stevenson and Flora Annie Steel are not even mentioned.

But if *The Savage in Literature* can be faulted as both survey and literary history, it brings to attention an area of modern literature which, for good or ill, helped shape the attitudes of a whole generation of children; it is a real attempt to bridge academic disciplines which are usually considered as separate from each other; and it makes a distinct and welcome contribution to the study of popular culture.

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voice from the Fifties

ald Davie

THURLEY:
Harvest.
poetry in the twentieth
Edward Arnold. £4.95.

Thurley's book *The Ironic* twenty years out of date. to issue a warning about ing of irony in the practice of English verse —when in fact the warning , though Mr Thurley to acknowledge it. there are still provincial academies where I. A. *Principles of Literary* William Empson's *Seven Ambiguity*, F. R. Leavis's *in English Poetry*, and Brooks's *Modern Poetry and* are the scriptural texts the ironic stance to an prerequisite for the century poet; and while the first half of Mr book one supposes it to at just such backwoods, to treat it indulgently For the parlous con of treating ironical self-awareness as the *summum bonum* of the poetic enterprise are indeed such as he draws out in his early chapters; that is to say, various kinds of sterile self-congratulation.

But the reader in his fifties will be haunted by echoes from farther back. When did we last hear Edith Sitwell's "Still Falls the Rain" described as "among the finest and most serious statements about war in our time"? When did we last hear Dylan Thomas credited with "purity of sensibility, sheer word-power"? When were we last told of "a world one feels Thomas had access to simply as a Celt"? Ah dear dead days—gone, though not "beyond recall": the heyday of Tambimuttu, *Poetry London* in the late 1940s! Is Mr Thurley a Rip Van Winkle survival from that unlamented milieu, or a young Turk who has come full circle without knowing it? In either case, it is clear that no progress is made; the philistine undergrowth that one generation of poets had to lop a way through, that their voices might be heard, has grown up again, bristling as good as new, for their children to contend with. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* Nothing is scotched for good, not even the reputation of Edith Sitwell. Mr Thurley's thesis is that Spender was, I believe, Auden's superior as poet . . . if we turn to Spender, to David Gascoyne, and Dylan Thomas . . . a different picture of English poetry emerges from the 'thirties, one that suggests a new future and avoids the poverty of New Lines and The Movement. Such a tradition harks back to D. H. Lawrence rather than to Hardy, to Eliot's poetry rather than to his criticism, and to Wilfred Owen rather than to Edward Thomas; it develops through Ted Hughes rather than Philip Larkin.

To younger readers this position may seem so heterodox that they will credit Mr Thurley at least with "independence"; and so it is worth saying again that this is merely the orthodoxy of 1950, exhumed and extrapolated so as to accommodate the names of Larkin and Hughes and—yes, I'm afraid so—Lee Harwood and Roger McGough.

The test-case is, as it always was, Dylan Thomas; for no one questions Thomas's gifts, only what he did with them; no one questions that he wrote with deliberation, only deliberation to what end? Pushed to the wall on this issue, Mr Thurley lunges back: "We have to remember that the notion of 'poetry's necessarily being possessed of the virtues of good prose' . . . is at least isolably neo-classic." "At least isolably" is a new one! The precept is not neoclassic, but much older; and much newer too, since it is borne out by responsible opinion in every generation, and gets into twentieth-century currency from Ford through Pound into Eliot. But Mr Thurley, we remember, sides with Eliot the poet against Eliot the critic, thus assuming (without bothering to prove) that Eliot didn't know what he was doing.

But proof is in any case the last thing that Mr Thurley is concerned with. The laws of evidence, any notion that there is a right or proper relation between the instances adduced and the thumping or pungent assertions one may proceed to deduce from them — all this is quite foreign to a treatment that is astonishingly brutal and cavalier; two pages suffice to dispose of David Holbrook, three to dismiss Geoffrey Hill, two are enough for Wallace Stevens, two more for Emily Dickinson. (Mr Thurley's assurance about Americans is matched only by his ignorance—he thinks Yvor Winters was a New Critic). Other poets are impaled on a single jeering phrase—Elizabeth Jennings on "a preference for limits", Seamus Heaney on "the back-lanes of Loamshire". Most extraordinary of all, Stephen Spender is "appreciated" in terms more wounding than one would expect to find in an attack on him.

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Attitudes of submission

By Harry Shukman

TIBOR SZAMUELY :
The Russian Tradition
413pp. Secker and Warburg. £5.

Since 1917 it has seemed plain enough that Russia is developing along lines fundamentally different from those followed by what is called the Western world. Yet, as Tibor Szamuely's *The Russian Tradition* shows, for many centuries Russia has been viewed, by foreigner and Russian alike, as a phenomenon *sui generis*. Most alien or special has seemed the awesome sway of an omnipotent state, exercising control over the persons, the property, and even the thoughts of its subjects.

The Mongols gave Russia a political and administrative system quite unlike anything to be learnt from the West. Not only had they superb military organization, but their state was more efficient than any other contemporary system. They also possessed a definite set of socio-political ideas, which envisaged the establishment of a world order based on justice and equality. The price each man would pay for this security was permanent service to the state. Did Muscovy and Russia inherit the justice and equality of their Mongol past? Not according to Marx, quoted by Szamuely from his *Revelations of the Diplomatic History of the 18th Century* (which has yet to see the light of publication in the Soviet Union): "The bloody mire of Mongol slavery, not the rude glory of the Norman [i e, Kievan] epoch, forms the cradle of Muscovy, and modern Russia [i e, in 1857] is but a metamorphosis of Muscovy. . . ." Under the Mongols the Muscovite princes developed the character of slave-as-master and their system evolved as that of the "machiavellism of the usurping slave".

Thereafter, relations between the state, which took over the functions as well as the character of the Mongol system when this collapsed, and the Russian people, from its highest nobles to its lowliest peasants, were based on the total political and economic subjugation of the latter to the former. The bondage of the peasantry to the landowners, furthermore, ensured that the latter's compulsory service to the state could be institutionalized. More than that, it was a bondage in which the Russians acquiesced and even recognized as the single universalizing principle of their society; that of equal lack of rights before the state. The counterbalance to this lopsidedness in official relations was the well-tested device used by Muscovite rulers, and perfected by their heirs, of issuing their decrees in the name of all the people.

To facilitate the main functions of the state, that is national defence and the collection of revenue in so far-flung an empire, successive Russian governments elaborated a strong apparatus of coercion which in time superseded its original purposes and increasingly fed on its own mindless habits of surveillance and repression. The security of the state came to depend on the people's lack of initiative, which could be preserved only if they were isolated from outside influences and dangerous comparisons.

Hence the closed borders of the closed society; and the difficulty of getting in was matched by that of getting out, for, as sixteenth-century officials told the wretched theologian Maxim the Greek when he applied for his exit visa to leave Russia and go home: "This we fear: thou art a sage man, and thou has lived amongst us; here thou hast seen both the good and the bad, and when thou returnest there, thou wilt tell all."

For Russians proper, foreign travel was banned altogether, and Western observers of Muscovy were in no doubt that this was in order to ensure, as Giles Fletcher put it, that the Russians "may be fitter for the servile condition wherein they now are, and have neyther reason nor valure to attempt innovation. . . ." Not only did the Russians lack the reason and the valour to attempt to change their society, but they positively regarded it with a feeling of pious reverence and blind faith. In addition, the Russian custom of flogging subjects of all and any degree—a tradition curtailed for the nobility only at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and for them only—enhanced a general posture of submission to the state to complete the picture of the totally unfranchised society.

Adulation of the state, in which the absolute autocrat meted out equal justice to all and where all were equally under the restraints of his tutelage, was accompanied in the Russian mind by contempt for the alleged greater liberty of the West where, unchecked by single authority, the rich plunder the poor and go unpunished by manipulating the tortuous machinery of Western "justice". It follows that in Russia the emergence of a powerful, small class of possessors was in theory precluded by the very existence of the autocracy itself (a proposition that was, at least arguably, proven in the last years of the tsarist regime, when the rise of a capitalist class, though somewhat modified by its Russian context, waxed at the expense of the autocracy).

Even the radical steps towards westernization or modernization, taken by Peter the Great, reinforced the essentially Muscovite belief that major change could only be wrought by the ruler and on his own initiative, and this belief, Szamuely shows, became embodied in the admiration which later generations of intellectuals and even revolutionary socialists expressed for Peter's swashbuckling statesmanship. At the same time, it was during the enlightening eighteenth century that the Russian nobility succeeded in appropriating for itself the Muscovite style of rule for its own dealings with the peasantry, which became enslaved to them as they had hitherto been to the state. The liberation of the nobility from state service during the eighteenth century was bought with the enslavement of the peasant mass of the population, but the nobility themselves were at once placed in a false position: state service had legitimized their tenure of the land, and freedom from service removed that legitimacy. With nothing in law to guarantee their security, beyond the goodwill of the state, the emancipated nobility came increasingly to depend on that state for the survival of their style of life.

Szamuely's book is above all an account of the rise of the intelligentsia, which he traces with clarity and economy. A social category best defined solely in terms of moral, social, and political values, the history of the intelligentsia is also the history of the revolutionary movement. The social estrangement of the intelligentsia from state service, in the nineteenth century and after, was not due, as is commonly suggested, to the over-production of intellectuals and the inability of the system to absorb them. On the contrary, since Peter the Great, when social advancement was made correspondent with service achievement, the ever-expanding bureaucracy had been open to men of ability, regardless of social origin. It was rather because the *intelligent* himself rejected the idea of serving a system founded on injustice. Emancipation of the serfs in 1861 did not eradicate the *intelligent's* acutely felt need to atone for peasant suffering. "Guilt was the driving force that cleaved off the intelligentsia into a separate group, the cement that held them together throughout the better part of a century." To break through their own mental straitjacke turies of submissiveness, cals espoused uncompro trines which provided required élan and the to the social tasks be fronted.

The radicals' creed was by Chernyshevsky, one of influential of thinkers (acknowledged as his own primary "Perhaps the means the cause are evil—b regards them as evil never take up the cause The occupation of fighter good of mankind was but not a particularly Constitutionalism, the rule political liberty, free speech viewed by the radical intel as well as by slavophile tuals, as luxuries which a country like Russia co afford. They were values was pleasurable to enjoy were far from essential.

Moreover, social equal great dangers, as both radi slavophiles foresaw: for the phile Khomyakov, all the of social autonomy would nothing if at the head of there did not stand "an ed living integrity of com while for Chernyshevsky weaker members of socie be protected from their "equals" by dictatorship.

Szamuely's thesis is essential features of the state were established as Muscovy, and that they the changes and upheavals sequent periods because, one hand, they suited the sive nature of the Russian which they themselves he shape, and, on the other because the opposition to absorbed the well-tried and statist characteristics of the system. Whether it be the their Muscovite heirs, the nizing Peter the Great, the teenth-century tsarist of the police state, or Bolsheviks, the thrust ciency" has been the touch this state. The great which seemed to have In 1917, as to whether suitable for social auton conducted, it must be re against a background of that the Russians and their were indeed capable of soc determination, that reliance submission to the state unavoidable reflexes. The did exist, but it is also that the tradition proved to to break, and in the condi crisis that have faced the so frequently, the habitu nation has been to seek customary ways—hence sian Tradition.

The death of Tibor Sza years before the publication book must be lamented. His standing of the Russian ways was profound, and his to convey this understand vivid prose is well demo here.

Bolsheviks in Bern

By E. H. Carr

ALFRED ERICH SENN :
Diplomacy and Revolution
221pp. University of Notre Dame Press (AUPG). £5.50.

The rapid and sweeping victory of the revolution in Petrograd in October 1917 faced the Bolsheviks with colossal problems of internal administration and of relations with a continent torn asunder by the agonies of the First World War. The first steps in foreign policy were dictated by desire to extricate the newly created Soviet republic from any involvement in the war, and to stave off the intrusion of foreign armies into its territory. These aims were imperfectly achieved by the Brest-Litovsk treaty with Germany in March, 1918.

Diplomacy was, however, overshadowed by the conviction, firmly held by Lenin and the other Soviet leaders, that the republic had no ultimate hope of survival unless the blaze of revolution kindled in Petrograd spread to other European countries. With all these complicated purposes in view, the Soviet government concentrated its initial efforts in diplomacy on four keypoints. The treaty with Germany opened Berlin to a Soviet diplomatic mission, which could also serve as cover for incendiary propaganda; Germany was the most promising flashpoint for the coming European revolution. London was the most useful and accessible listening-post for Allied policies; here Litvinov was precariously established as Soviet representative. Stockholm and Bern were the capitals of the two major neutral powers. They had become during the war the home of large colonies of revolutionary, socialist, anti-war refugees from the belligerent countries. They now offered less restricted opportunities for propaganda than could be expected from any of the belligerents.

Alfred Erich Senn has chosen to portray in detail Soviet activities in Switzerland during the fateful year 1918. He has made use of the not very copious Soviet sources, of personal reminiscences of some of the participants, and above all of the Swiss official archives. These last provide the core of his narrative. The result is that we see the picture less through the eyes of the Bolsheviks than through those of their reluctant and mistrustful hosts. But the Swiss authorities, though disturbed by workers' demonstrations in Zurich and by a turbulent socialist youth organization, maintained a relatively cool and detached attitude to the Russian Revolution. Unlike the belligerent powers, they were not concerned with its repercussions on the conduct of the war.

After one or two false starts, the Soviet government appointed Berzin, an old Bolshevik of leftish origin, as its representative in Switzerland. He arrived in Bern with his staff in May, 1918, and was accepted, though not officially recognized, by the Swiss government. The harassed Swiss Ministry of Foreign Affairs attempted to remain neutral between the new arrival and a Russian consul of the old regime who was still in possession. But in the end Berzin was allowed to take over the legation.

The major occupation of the mission, in spite of all denials, was, of course, propaganda—directed not to Switzerland, but to the capitalist world at large; and the most interesting documents quoted in the book are Lenin's letters to Berzin. (They have been published in Lenin's collected works, but stand out here by contrast with the flatness of the diplomatic narrative.) "For God's sake, don't spare money on publication (in German, French, Italian and English languages), and faster, faster!" Berzin was urged to hire translators ("we will give *more and more without accounting*"), and publish "ten times, 100 times, as much". Mr Senn does not appear to have tracked down how much actually was published, though a news-sheet under the title *Russische Nachrichter* appeared regularly with the unofficial sponsorship of the legation.

The German government, which already had to cope with Joffe's activities in Berlin, seems to have had little attention to spare for Berzin. The British minister expressed disapproval and polite disdain. It was the French minister and his military attaché who deluged the Swiss authorities with protests and vigorously demanded the expulsion of the Bolshevik mission. What particularly exasperated them were the close relations maintained by Berzin and his staff with a French pacifist who had fled to Switzerland, named Guilbeaux. Guilbeaux appeared in Moscow in the following year as French delegate at the founding congress of the Communist International.

The breaking-point came at the beginning of November 1918—just before the armistice. Whether the Swiss authorities were more moved by fear of labour disturbances at home (though there is no evidence to suggest that the Soviet mission was interested in promoting them), or by the now imminent victory of the Allies (which made it all the more necessary and desirable to appease them), or by the example of the German government (which was preparing at this moment to expel Joffe), cannot be guessed. But the decision to expel Berzin and his staff was taken, and promptly implemented. But the Swiss had little experience of such operations, and it was all something of a muddle. Mr Senn gives an almost farcical picture of the straggling procession of cars escorted by police on the long trail to the German frontier. Thus ended an isolated episode in Swiss history. Two months later Bern was the scene of a congress which took the first steps to reconstitute the old Second International; and for many years Swiss relations with Moscow were non-existent or openly hostile.

Mr Senn's account of this episode is a model of meticulous scholarship. One follows the course of events almost day by day, and learns of the personalities of Berzin's principal assistants. One doubt only intrudes. The enormous recent increase in the volume and availability of public documents (not to mention memoirs) presents a serious problem to the writer of modern and contemporary history. The student who seeks to know all that can be known on a given subject may spend weeks or months on investigations which, viewed in a broader perspective, are worth no more than a footnote. Mr Senn has done an admirable piece of what is called in academic jargon "original research". He writes well and keeps the reader interested. But do we really want or need to know quite so much about so little?

THE TRUE VINE
David Burnett
With two wood engravings
by Joan Hassall
25p
HEDGEHOG PRESS
18 Wood View, Trimdon Station
Co. Durham, TS29 6BG

Aerial survey

By E. Colston Shepherd

HUGH MACDONALD :
Aeroflot
Soviet Air Transport since 1923
323pp. Putnam. £6.50.

Since 1970, when Aeroflot, the airline of the Soviet Union, joined the International Air Transport Association, somewhat more has been learned of its traffic and equipment, so that Hugh MacDonald's survey *Aeroflot* contains a great deal of information. The immense size of the organization, serving more than 700 destinations, is impressive, and so is the responsibility it bears for the establishment of airports and the providing of air routes with aids to navigation and other essential apparatus. The magnitude of the task is seen in more reasonable perspective when it is shown that Aeroflot is divided into thirty-eight directorates covering the various areas and that much authority is delegated to them, particularly in respect of operations.

To some extent, this book is disappointing as being purely a survey. Aeroflot carries nearly one sixth of the world's air passengers. There is no such evidence of its efficiency as might be the regularity and punctu its services or by the annual ation of its aircraft, nor more than an oblique hint nomics. In a series of ope involving unusual extremes mate, much valuable expe must have been accumulated no such analysis appears book.

One thing which becomes that the Soviet Union transport the cheapest way viding remote and arctic with the means of communic Mr MacDonald says that of setting up an air-route found to be one tenth of making a railway line some railway services have cut in favour of air although the cost of deli essential supplies to the where no surface communic exist is extremely high.

How Aeroflot came to its state, what aircraft it has what routes it operates and training system is arranged faithfully explained in this which consequently ranks work of reference. Many photographs (including a one, dated 1962, of a wearing an oxygen mask), are duced. The reader is still ing lots of questions.

من الأصل

tured parts

h Varty

AND :
Human Faces
al Symbolism
illustrations. Allen
£5.

Human Faces is, as s us, a book to be anyone, academic or to know what an er, be it an amphis- "pushmepullyou") or "aspidochelone"). course, many books , but this one is re- erent. First and fore- regularly to primary the Bidpai and ia (to mention only *Physiologus*, Renais- books, Topsell's *His- Footed Beasts* (1607) *Vocabula Amatoria* shows how animal in slang. In short, traces and reinter- material from Clas- the present, and often outside Europe. Fur- writes well, has a de- of humour, and pre- a mine of fascinating of which is quite

is the word. In a goat we read: where symbols of ship appeared on the many phallic amulets discovered. Called "the male organ" (from word *fascinate* is ch amulets were sus- the neck and were supposed to have supernatural qualities. They . . . were often furnished with the legs of a goat, particularly in the case of the triple phallus, where one phallus served as the body, the second occupied the usual place of the organ, and a third appeared as a tail, signifying a multiplication of the productive faculty.

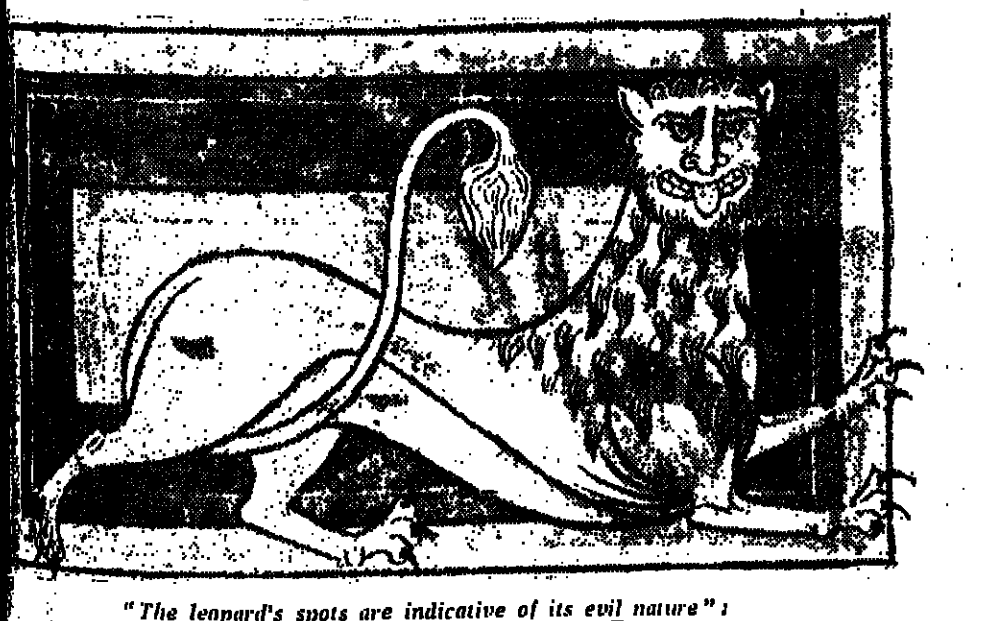
Apt though the title may be, one wonders if the subtitle might not have included a reference to other parts of the human body, especially the private ones, for bosoms, bottoms, pudenda and phalluses loom larger than faces. "In ecclesiastical art . . . the serpent twining round the tree of knowledge was often given a woman's face. In the fifteenth century . . . *Très Riches Heures* of Jean de France the Eden serpent coils its reptilian rump around the trunk of an apple tree, and above, in the branches, a long-haired nymph with a thirty-eight-inch bosom coquettishly hands out an apple."

Here we learn why pigs are greedy (and, *en passant*, that they were frequently arrested, formally tried and condemned to death in the Middle Ages for eating other animals and human beings; that they were particularly fond of the taste of human ears; and that a pig stood trial for murder as late as 1864 in Yugoslavia); why certain "elephants" are "white" (they were costly and required considerable upkeep; a king of Siam used to make presents of white elephants to such courtiers as he wished to ruin); why we must be either a sheep or a goat before we are separated (we are either sons of *the* Lamb = Christ, or the Goat = Satan); and why certain females are bunny girls (*bunny* is a diminutive of *bun*, a northern word meaning a rabbit's tail: a bunny girl's most provocative feature is callipygian, reminding the onlooker of the rabbit's distinctive scut and recalling the fact that the rabbit is an age-old fecundity symbol; a *bun* was recorded in 1934 as Glaswegian for a prostitute).

We also learn that some things are not what they seem to be. The Pig and Whistle has nothing to do with a musical porker but a small bowl (pig) and spiced ale (wassail).

The weasel which goes pop is not an exploding animal but a phallus performing its sexual act, rather like the mouse in the rhyme "Round a bit, round a bit catch a wee mousie; up a bit, up a bit in a wee housie". And some people obviously think that some fairy stories, even quite modern ones, are less innocent than their tellers imagine: Red Riding Hood's hood "denotes menstruation" and her story is that of a "mature woman who strays from the path of virtue and is punished" while "the tale of Christopher Robin and Winnie the Pooh tells of a homosexual phase . . . in the life of a child".

It is a pity that *Animals with Human Faces* should be so difficult to handle (why make it twice as wide as it is high?), and that the many illustrations are of such poor quality and all drawn from medieval manuscripts (delightful as they are). It would have gained much if some of the rarer material had been reproduced (from, e g, catacombs, colophons and advertisements). Besides emphasizing one of the book's qualities, this would also have given an immediate visual impression of its admirable chronological breadth. It is also a pity that room was not found for other closely related symbols, in particular birds such as the cock, dove, owl, eagle and rook, to name but a few.



"The leopard's spots are indicative of its evil nature": an illustration from Animals with Human Faces.

tory as the will of God

H. Du Boulay

HIBNALL (Editor) :
siastical History of
Books IX and X
ndon Press: Oxford
Press. £15.

has childhood depriv an incurable malaise ether, with an impulse ation. The process is in English letters, and Kipling or Munro our has been thus enriched, by Orderic who in 1080 for ever to his English he was sent away to monk, in fulfilment of terrible good intentions. grew up without bit- -Norman and half- of St Evroul, but to his native ed between two worlds, the suffering of but accepting every God's punishment for ty of men. The kind he was able to make xperiences says much for of Anglo-Norman and the surface of his Latin prose seems unruffled by any disfigurements of grief.

His great work is the *Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy*, written at the wish of his abbot between about 1114 and 1141, and the portion edited and translated here was composed when he was already about sixty. For scholars the volume is an important one. It continues Marjorie Chibnall's fine work of superseding the nineteenth-century edition by Le Provost and Delisle and of presenting a sensitive translation with learned annotation. It carries Orderic's history forward from the Council of Clermont in 1095 to Henry I's seizure of the English throne after Rufus's death in the New Forest. All this material survives almost entirely in Orderic's autograph manuscript, now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and although the text concerning the First Crusade was mostly taken from Baudry of Bourgueil, archbishop of Dol, the history of events in Normandy, Maine and England is largely original, based on both documents and oral sources.

Orderic composed narrative history on the grand scale, like that of Bede before him. Even in the twelfth century, a golden age of chronicles, it is only to be compared with the books of William of Malmesbury. The range of his political information was wide, but it has both a structural centre and a unitary point of view. The centre is William Rufus, a skilful and relentless king, unforgetting of wrongs offered him in the past, clear-sighted in grasping Normandy and claiming the Vexin borderland from Philip I of France. The shadow of Rufus darkens the landscape. His wars began those divisions of loyalty which were to rend and perplex French fiefs for 400 years.

At the same time the reader is made aware of war's attractiveness in an age when it brought for young knights rewards in money and lands, jovial sociability and a seasonal excitement not greatly different from that of the modern racecourse. If we may imagine political power added to the prize-money. There is a different kind of brutality, less suave, more violent and untinctured by any sense of guilt. Horses were systematically killed in battle to bring down a valuable, unharmed rider (not, as Orderic piously remarked, out of respect for God and humanity), but otherwise human life was quite simply cheap:

> As the man fell at the king's feet . . . long roars of laughter and strident shouts came from the tower, "See, now the king has fresh meat! Take it to the kitchen, to be served for him at dinner."

The single-minded viewpoint is the product of the monk's upbringing and formation. His history was not merely to entertain nor even to instruct in a secular sense, but to manifest God's will on earth. Writing was an instrument of salvation. The Normans were cruel and savage, but they were like that to punish and correct a world gone delinquent and soft.

To historians Orderic's book is an indispensable source for an understanding of policy and the character of its makers, and historians are quick to point out Orderic's sharp observation and the immediacy of his detail. But the observed detail is all of the same sort. It is about colourful and wicked fashions, the bad habits of the great. The substance of the story is the conflict between good and evil, and the leading actors are bishops and abbots, kings and knights who either do or do not conform with divine grace. It is at once an ecclesiastical history and a story of severe moralism. Political historians rightly value Orderic's text, here so finely edited. But at the end historians may also be allowed to try and see the teller as well as the tale, and to marvel at the selectivity of the detail, the narrowness of the outlook compared even with that of late medieval monks, the shield-like character of the faith possessed by the writer who since boyhood had undoubtedly needed a shield in order to survive.

Before the law

By Gordon Leff

WALTER ULLMANN :
Law and Politics in the Middle Ages
An Introduction to the Sources of Medieval Political Ideas
320pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £5.50 (paperback, £3.70).

That a book on *Law and Politics in the Middle Ages* should be included in a series on the sources of history is itself a tribute to its author. Over the past two decades no one has done more than Walter Ullmann to establish the study of medieval law as an integral, if not the central, part of the study of medieval political theory. Indeed it could be said that he has succeeded almost too well. His own approach is in danger of becoming the new orthodoxy, like most orthodoxies intolerant of dissenters and exclusive of other standpoints. Through a singularly clear and uncomplicated view of the subject and mastery of his material, Professor Ullmann, as a writer and teacher, has succeeded in imposing his vision where before there was largely the blankness of accepted platitudes. He has helped to revive a subject which appeared moribund, or at least without prospect of further useful development.

Nothing can detract from these achievements. But they have a cost. If on the one hand Professor Ullmann has provided a much-needed intelligibility in a particularly intractable field, on the other it has been at the expense of the seemingly aberrant and anomalous. Like all embracing visions, its unity has been bought at the expense of the individual part for the greater good of the whole.

The present book is no exception. As an introduction to the sources of law and politics, as found in Roman law, canon law, secular non-Roman law, and the writings and commentaries on them, as well as in special treatises, this book is admirable. For the first time there is a conspectus of the whole body of legal sources and literature, which has for so long been needed. No one is better fitted to have provided it than Professor Ullmann. Countless students now and in generations to come will thank him for making accessible, and intelligible to them, the main works and thinkers which went to the formation of these different aspects of medieval law. They will also be enlightened by the comparison between Roman and canon law, the one formed and completed in the period before the main Middle Ages; the other a living law that grew out of existing conditions, and continued to develop above all from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. Roman law provided the scaffolding; but the edifice was from canon law. Something of the same can be said in the relation of Roman law to the secular law of kingdoms and princes: the practices were from actual contemporary usages and customs; the formulations sometimes from Roman law.

Indeed the impression gained from Professor Ullmann's discussion is that, for all the received view of the formative role of Roman law upon medieval society, its impact was mainly technical and rarely substantive: it gave expression to actualities and concepts which had developed independently of it, so that even the Roman axioms exalting the power of rulers were qualified to conform to medieval ideas and practices. That would seem to apply also to what Professor Ullmann calls the theocratic element in kingship, which also had one of its sources in Roman imperial law, in the Emperor's right to intervene in religious matters. It was not only overlaid by Christian and Germanic elements, but by the twelfth century it was becoming less religious and more juridical in form.

That brings me to the main area of dissent from this book. Professor Ullmann has not only presented a conspectus but he has, to borrow his own terminology, clothed it in the garb of his own theories. These revolve round the contrast between what he calls the descending hierocratic theme of authority, where all power is held to derive from God and invested in a ruler who is the source of all power within society, and the ascending theme, by which the power to create law is located in the people from whom it is invested in its legally appointed representatives. The one means hierocracy and theocracy; the other some kind of democracy or popularly based sovereignty.

In themselves these distinctions are innocuous enough; it is when the descending theory is identified exclusively with the Christian conception of society, enshrined in canon law and seen as having continuously developed from the early church to the thirteenth century, that distortion arises. For what was an inextricable mixture of concepts and standpoints then becomes simplified into a unilinear flow, where, to read Professor Ullmann, one would never imagine that canonists and theologians ever disagreed or disputed over the very nature and extent of authority, spiritual or temporal. Conversely, in saving the emergence—or reemergence—of the ascending theme for the rediscovery in the thirteenth century of Aristotle's view that society is natural to man as a political animal, and attributing the breakdown of the medieval political outlook to the spread of his ideas in the fourteenth century, one would never guess that the most formative influence upon the whole medieval outlook, St Augustine, a figure largely ignored by Professor Ullmann, had eight hundred years earlier acknowledged man's need to live in society as natural to him. As T. S. Kuhn has shown in another context, anomalies, far from being exclusive of one another, have often been the motor of new developments. It is that recognition which is lacking from Professor Ullmann's conceptual armoury.

The unexpected

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Post-Nixonian

By Russell Davies

GEORGE V. HIGGINS :
A City on a Hill
256pp. Secker and Warburg. £3.10.

The overflow from Watergate has provided fictioneers with a whole new vocabulary of clandestinism, and several new and nasty registers in which to employ it. Usage has been automatically established and authenticated by the famous tapescripts, and made familiar by repeated Hearings. No wonder George V. Higgins, a proven manipulator of American underworld jargon (*The Friends of Eddy Coyle* etc), has raised his sights and gone into politics. The dirt is fresher and more nourishing. Conversational mulch.

But perhaps Mr Higgins's skill with dialogue—his dust-jacket pays many tributes to it—has turned his head a little this time. *A City on a Hill* is a novel in twelve chapters, each of them an extended, and generally two-headed, conversation, furnished with the very minimum of descriptive "siting" on the author's part. As a rule Mr Higgins does no more than identify his speakers, which he always does in the same way: name first, "said" second, and no adverbs or adverbial phrases to help convey the intended tone. When an author starts deliberately jettisoning his legitimate aids in this way, you can be sure a tour de force is his goal. Mr Higgins does not quite achieve it.

The disadvantages of his technique are most apparent, naturally enough, in the opening chapter, where the reader has nothing to go on but what the speakers provide by way of self-revelation. Hank Cavanaugh, thirty-three-year-old ex-journalist, now political factotum and Fixit for Congressman Sam Barry of Massachusetts, is doing some shore fishing off Madaket and going through a mutual confession routine with Jess Richmond, a somewhat more battered and world-weary version of himself. They are not happy.

> "Then", Richmond said, "I found myself in something close to an alcoholic stupor quite early one evening in November, muttering obscenities as I received the considered judgment of NBC's computers that Richard Milhouse Nixon was winning the biggest landslide in American political history."

Rather wordy, this, to qualify among the promised "dialogue so authentic it spits". And there is no very startling resurgence of naturalism when Richmond gets down to his bottle problem:

> "I was all right by Easter. A little shaky in the mornings, perhaps, a bothersome tremor that caused whitecaps on the surface of the tooth glass of Smirnoff that I used as a phlegm-cutter on arising, but otherwise all right."

Here the inverted commas are quite clearly an embarrassment to the author.

But it is Cavanaugh, the more discreetly unrhetorical talker, who proves the linking character of the novel. He participates in all twelve conversations, and we hear (if we do not see) him variously *aux prises* with his wife, his girl, his boss, with a plummy black judge he is contacting on Barry's behalf, and with Richmond again. The narrative progression traceable through these talks is not all that great. At the emotional level, we have Cavanaugh and his wife Louise gradually losing that vestigial sympathy which has kept them so far merely estranged rather than divorced. While on the political plane, we are dealing, through Cavanaugh, with Congressman Barry's attempt to call into being a credible Democratic candidate for the presidency.

Now the state of the party is objectively interesting, caught between post-McGovern shock and incipient glee at the growing possibility of Nixon's demise; and it is also fascinating for the reader to realize—as it is certainly intended he should—that the topmost men in hierarchical structures of this type take on a real and influential form of existence only when their supposed beliefs and inclinations are broken down, codified and traded by their underlings. Above the level of Congressman Barry one visualizes not men so much as walking brochures. For this very reason, the reader seizes on the drama that is present and actual, so that the backstage political manoeuvring comes off second best to the acidulous contests of wit between Cavanaugh and his wife; her "lousy taste", his "truck-driver's bravado". Something about a male/female line-up sharpens Mr Higgins's ear: "He's a very capable fellow", he has Cavanaugh say. "He doesn't beat his wife or anything, which if you saw his wife, and she was yours, you would beat her." To set against such small pleasures, however, you have big mistakes like the one on the preceding page, where a waiter attending to the Cavanaughs is allowed to spout a highly improbable class-analysis of his Average Customer. This is typical of the book: a remarkable but fallible technique wedded, seemingly in haste, to a vague idea. Mr Higgins is not yet so skilled a craftsman that he can build whole works of verbal veneer (as Ring Lardner used to do); and it remains debatable whether political backroom chat, morally speaking, should ever go unaccompanied by some sort of sanity-preserving authorial gloss.

Life with grandfather

By Elaine Dundy

RONA JAFFE :
Family Secrets
511pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £3.95.

Rona Jaffe has written a very good novel indeed: the sort you carry with you on trains and buses and taxis and that very nearly makes you overrun your destination, so compelling is the narration. It is a triple-decker about the life and times of the Saffron family and is stuffed with characters and action. Miss Jaffe's character delineation is so precise, however, that you never have to turn back to see whether it was Melissa who married Jonah—which is more than can be said of *War and Peace*.

The subject is a delicious and ever-fascinating one—a family on the make. Adam Saffron is a poor immigrant from Russia with no means of support but his brain. He builds an enormous empire in land speculation, becomes a housing developer and produces six children. These children, themselves no giants, marry doctors and teachers and the sort of men who "join the business". And the third generation produces, as well as a girl track-runner, the writer Paris Mendes, through whose gentle and compassionate eyes the saga of the Saffrons unfolds.

There is a saying in America: "from sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations". It hasn't quite come to that in the Saffron family, but their days of producing colossi like the patriarch Adam are over. Whether this has to do with blood or money, or initiative, or the Great War, the Depression and the Second World War all rolled into one, the children of Adam Saffron no longer have his pioneer pride, his sense of adventure and his sense of certainties. The effect of the family closing in, choking their young, Paris understands very well,

as well as she underst
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to cling together in Win
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together and protected fro
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The novel is stuffed w
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Our man in Brazil

By Julian Barnes

MICHAEL HASTINGS :
And in the Forest the Indians
188pp. £3.15.
Bart's Mornings, and Other Tales of Modern Brazil
189pp. £3.40.
Hodder and Stoughton.

These two books, the first a novel, the second a collection of stories, are the products of a journey Michael Hastings made in 1973 to the Brazilian interior, in the course of which, according to his publishers, he sought to transcribe what he saw and heard into a form of "photo-realism fiction". Fortunately, the implications of tape-recorder and instamatic are only sporadically justified: in the novel Mr Hastings even appends a note explaining what "really" happened to the people on whom his characters are based. Furthermore, the writing is least interesting when it comes closest to straight reportage. A story about the tribulations of a French priest ministering to a community of squatters which is prefaced by an acknowledgment to two researchers comes across as a routine dispatch about bureaucratic misunderstanding and repression such as one can read every so often (equally well told) in the overseas pages of *The Guardian*.

The short stories constitute background reading for the novel. They contain the basic information: about the Esquadrão da Morte, FUNAI (the Indian Protection Service), Fawcett-trackers, the variety of local inhabitants, and the nature of Brazilian corruption. The few which involve narrative imagination are clearly the best: one is a nice fantasy continuation of *A Handful of Dust* (Mr Hastings did the same thing in *The Nightcomers* with *The Turn of the Screw*), in which English solicitors arrive in São Paulo to try to establish whether or not Tony Last is dead—he turns up and identifies himself, and is certified insane.

The novel is more consistently successful. It is an old-fashioned three-handed forest drama with a supporting cast of Indians and vaqueiros, laced with bags of steamy local colour, not all of it very telling: to describe someone as "droning into the night like ten grilos on a single-string birimbau" is for many readers the equivalent of not describing him at all. Geoffrey, an introverted ex-Haileybury misfit who has chosen to live in permanent exile in Brazil, buys some land in the Mato Grosso and sits there hopefully, waiting for the trans-continental highway to arrive and make him rich. His alcoholic solitude is threatened by a thrustful American couple with similar financial aspirations; Geoffrey, imbued with the Brazilian spirit of *jeito* (a sort of cunning foresight), outwits and destroys them in the safe obscurity of the forest.

Dialogue is Mr Hastings's strong point: in particular, the way the exiled Englishman's speech gradually alters to a sort of Spanish-cum-American pidgin is excellently rendered. But his narrative prose has an unfinished air about it. He takes his own line on punctuation, and specializes in the unfocused verbal clump ("the oil-slick river-seep garbage disposal mountains of acreage", "the liana slither cemetery of the forest"); and his presentation of character is often very messy:

> Underneath his gruff manner Horst was a bit of a soft touch, there was an old woman in him, a whiner, and given a situation a real crunch situation he'd panic.

This may be intended as the untidy surface of photo-realism—but I rather doubt it.

Idle drea

By Felix Pickering

DEANNA MACLAREN :
The First of all Pleasures
219pp. Gollancz. £3.75.

It is illusion, according to V
that is the first of all ple
and in Deanna Maclaren's Th
of all Pleasures the illusi
small group of people are c
in a spirit of comedy. In th
lishing house of Matthew G
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power or idleness, and
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their illusions about them
reality. In a Soho based
effectual Dennis Hopper pl
first number of a porno
magazine that is going to ma
fortune. His wife, scar-faced
bald after an accident, dre
beauty and success; she, in h
fills the fantasies of her lewd
in-law. The only ones who li
out illusion are the mother, b
and sisters-in-law of Denni
per, totally immersed in t
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telly and egg-and-chips; a
are quite intolerable.

It is a slight, light novel
scent of early Roger Longr
redeemed from fatuity by Mi
laren's quirky imagination a
sharp insights into the w
multiple marriage that is li
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and untrustworthy alliances
are some nice and original
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also about the women's aw
of each other: in matt
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and also in matters of
status and prospects.' This
interesting, and funnier, th
skittish search for a stud
ducted by the secretary.

Ugly sister

By Jane Miller

URSULA HOLDEN :
Endless Race
167pp. London Magazine Editions. £3.50.

Ursula Holden's first novel is the story of a woman who has been damaged by childhood rejection. Her father, an Indian army colonel, and a beautiful mother bored by her children (she is later killed in a car crash) leave her and a younger brother, Godfrey, to the erratic care of a hysterical nanny. Pauline grows up believing herself to be the "toad" and "brat" and "insect" she is thought to be by other people. She is tied by jealousy and loneliness to her brother, who thrives on what undermines her and becomes a successful doctor. Pauline drifts into jobs as a mother's help and into the bed of anyone who is at all kind to her. The novel ends with her partial recovery from a breakdown, brought on by the death of the man she has been living with.

Pauline as a child is invisible, a hearer and watcher of the irrational, untrustworthy adult world around her. An incongruous irony intrudes on these impressions, which are not credibly recorded as a child's, let alone those of a child as numb to herself as Pauline is. The voice is a judging, mocking one, taking the girl's part but not speaking for her, and it seems to predict an adult personality which will be duly vengeful and harsh. In fact, the woman Pauline becomes is possessed only by a grim inertia which takes her into situations likely to demoralize her further and makes her so accident-prone that she is unable to deflect any form of mistake or squalor.

It is easy to deplore what is done to Pauline and what she, as a consequence, does to herself. It is not easy, though, to feel for her or even to understand her sufficiently to do more than wince at her experiencing of pain and error. Victims may be bereft of speech, but this victim had seemed able to fight her battles, at least in an underhand way. Her capitulation deprives her of interest. Miss Holden is, however, a clever mimic, good at the habits and speech of some broadly seen types: the scrubbing nanny in love with the kitchen maid; a Scotsman unable to admit to his alcoholism while sympathetically accounting for his brother's identical condition. The theme of incest is invoked rather than examined, and Pauline's brother is sketched in as her desirable opposite, capable where she is incapable, but as opaque and mysterious, finally, as she is.

Try a little tenderness

By Marigold Johnson

SEBASTIAN SHAW :
The Christening
256pp. W. H. Allen. £2.95.

At the age of five Sebastian Shaw made his first stage appearance. Over the past fifty-odd years, besides building up a distinguished reputation in the theatre, he has tried his hand at painting, films, music, verse, television scripts—and now a novel. But the experience of being five years old—and the nostalgic recalling of that experience—stands out from this rather melodramatic tale of suspense like a signpost to a Wordsworthian day-dream. If the novel has a message, it is that innocence is hideously vulnerable to the iniquitous and brutal [illegible] of the world.

Miles Madgwick, who scrapes a bedsitter living by composing crosswords, longs to return to the comforts of a sunny childhood before he learnt sexual guilt. Now he relies on fantasy: the pregnant young woman and her two scruffy kids who visit Aunt Annie on the top floor have come to incarnate his desires. Alice, uneducated and got down by domesticity, he pictures both as the girl he has never had and as his mother; perky little Ethel is his sister; five-year-old Rodney is the innocent object of secret love and the remembered image of Miles himself.

One day, as Alice is whisked off to have her baby, he "borrows" Rodney for a few harmless hours of tenderness. But to Bert, the cab-driver who takes the boy home, Miles seems anything but harmless. Alice *is* too excited by the romantic possibilities of this well-spoken gentleman to worry, and persuades her newsagent husband that Mile will be an ideal [illegible]

new baby. Mr Shaw gets a b
ried away by contrivances
dreadful, brutish Bert embark
vigilante persecution of Alic
wife Daisy becomes suspicio
hires a private eye; her fr
hubby comes in handy as the
wrestler who wants vengeanc
Bert for a double-cross that lo
a bout. The improbable but
nious plot never flags. Mean
Miles's indiscretion has, it s
liberated more than violence
waylaid by Alice and succes
bedded by the prostitute upst

The climactic scene, in whic
christening ceremony is broke
by a drunken Bert, is splen
managed, though we could
done with an ending less ab
But Mr Shaw shows himse
remarkably professional writer.
the bit-parts are tempting in p
cast of juicy London charact
although the child who p
Rodney, cunning behind that
ent frailty, would have in de

agination dead imagine

Korn

TTENSTEINER :
Fiction Book
and Hudson. £4.95
(£2.50).

VOGT :
with a Thousand Names
wick and Jackson. £3.25.

SIMAK :
World
wick and Jackson. £3.25.

ELLS (Editor) :
Clifford D. Simak
wick and Jackson. £3.95.

ELLS (Editor) :
Frank Herbert
wick and Jackson. £4.40.

L FERMAN (Editor) :
from Fantasy and Science
Books. £3.25.

things, science fiction
ever, perhaps because
cease to exist as an
form—if it ever did.
teiner's juicily illus-
of the subject—the
of this or many weeks—
dear. There is a useful
and though it begins,
with Lucian of Samo-
Wilkins and Cyrano de
well as less familiar
as the anonymous *Reign*
1900-1925, published in
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to the Upper World
quickening of pace in
ple of decades is not
of perspective. Offi-
SF is as rigidly institu-
rock and roll—the pre-
with the April 1911
Modern Electrics which
back padded out with the
of *Ralph 124 C41+*, a
technological prediction as
holy writ. Since then
been several golden
days of *Weird Tales*, the
of *Astounding* under the
of John Campbell (Mr
does not fail to point
association between
science), the 1950s
psychedelic revolt of the
many of the heroes of
are still writing, and
learned to write. Infidel
used the freedoms of
without adopting its
many who were un-
have leapt over the
if further proof were

needed, "several hundred courses on science fiction are being offered currently in American colleges".

Mr Rottensteiner is a cool, literate and accurate guide (though he gets the date of *First Men in the Moon* wrong), undaunted by the devotion which has been offered to so many appalling writers—Edgar Rice Burroughs, H. P. Lovecraft, Fred Hoyle—with an original perspective that includes the Hungarian prophet Mor Jokai, Sakyo Komatsu, author of *Nippon Chiubotsu* (*Submersible Japan*), and Stanislaw Lem (*Solaris*, *Invasion from Aldebaran*) for whom he firmly plumps as the greatest contemporary SF writer. He disposes of a number of established fallacies: for example, that SF is concerned with technological prediction. (Verne complained of H. G. Wells: "He goes to Mars [*sic*] in an airship, which he constructs of a metal which does away with the law of gravitation . . . Show me this metal. Let him produce it." Which explains why Wells's SF is never boring and Verne's often is.)

But the poetry is in the pictures, well-chosen and well-reproduced, writhing, glittering, and fumbling menacingly across the page. The major manifestations of otherliness are here arrayed: golems, robots, superheroes, and even a genuine mad scientist from *Mystery Adventures* ("Exotic, Peppy, Exciting") heading towards the blonde on the operating table with a test tube full of evil intentions. I was struck by the poverty of anatomical invention in the aliens. They may be cyclopean or argus-eyed, soft appendages and claws may multiply, and there is a discrete phylum of conical creatures, ranging from the neo-brutalist rum-babas who torment the good Dr Who to the rococo elaborations of the daft H. P. Lovecraft's Great Race, adrip with green and red organic bunting. But there isn't as much variety in the whole fictional metagalaxy as in one decent unpolluted rock pool at low tide. The practitioners of SF, like honest strippers, leave nothing to the imagination. Instead, they exercise, refine, and may eventually deaden, the sense of wonder. For this reason, SF (like pornography, the other genre now at its zenith) constantly tends to exorbitance.

A fair example of this is the latest novel of "Slan" Van Vogt, whose high reputation has always mystified me: Steven Masters, the man with a thousand names, is a spoiled brat whose comeuppance begins on a frivolously undertaken mission to the unexplored planet of Mittend, when, in a moment of crisis, he swops minds with one of his innumerable enemies. In this second body he returns to Mittend, casually rapes a prisoner, and switches again, and again:

> His vision blurred so badly that the deepening darkness merely gave an objective unreality to the subjective distortion which had already made an inner night of what, only seconds before, had been a bright morning.

It transpires that he is being manipulated by a telepathic all-girls commune called Mother who want him for stud purposes and by the Gi-ints, cannibalistic products of a genetic fumble in a previous litter. As Mr Van Vogt sagely comments, "it would be difficult for even the most learned member of the psychiatric profession to do more than speculate".

In Clifford Simak's *Cemetery World* Earth is being run as a galactic Forest Lawn, but the undertakers have something to hide. Curious things happen to the pleasingly diversified party of investigators, which includes a semi-sentient robot composer, shaped like a donkey, and an anomalous ghost called the Census Taker. Mr Simak is always competent, and deserves the accolade of *The Best of Clifford D. Simak*, for those addicts who need massive doses.

Frank Herbert, who also deserves his accolade, steers a clear course between the mawkish simplicities and clotted convolution where so many shipwreck. "Looking for Something?" is a masterpiece of the controlled paranoia which fuels many craft in this region, the story of a stage hypnotist who comes to realize that we are all under post-hypnotic suggestion from Somewhere Else. Somewhere Else, after all, is where SF writers take us: and it's all right for a holiday, but I wouldn't want to live there.

The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction is the most ambitious of these collections, celebrating six writers of considerable stature. There are rather inadequate bibliographies (a mere checklist for the hyperprolific Asimov) and rather uncritical critical essays, reaching amazing depths with Judith Merril's piece on Theodore Sturgeon—a breathless gush in the close tonight. In an entertaining chapter, "Why there is no Sex in Science Fiction", Mr Rottensteiner remarks: "the immense popularity of Sturgeon's stories is a sure indication of the emotional immaturity of the whole SF genre"—which is all that need be said. But the stories by Ray Bradbury, Fritz Leiber and James Blish transcend the virtues and vices of their chosen mode. It is striking that although the late and much-lamented Mr Blish, whose *Case of Conscience* is the SF work that has given me the greatest pleasure, appeared as the most dedicated and professional of SF writers, he was also able, in times of eclipse, to live by writing pulp fiction in all the other genres—western, sports, and detective. There is some kind of clue here.

Last things

By Stephen Clark

STERLING E. LANIER :
Hiero's Journey
348pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £3.50.

ROBERT SILVERBERG :
Born with the Dead
267pp. Gollancz. £2.75.

PETER HAINING (Editor) :
The Future Makers
174pp. Hale. £2.25.

Hiero's Journey is a richer work than at first it seems. The trappings are familiar: a quest for ancient knowledge through the ghoul-and-monster-ridden landscape of North America five thousand years after the Death. Hiero, priest, warrior and telepath, must face gigantic lampreys, homicidal baboons, intelligent fungi and evil wizards before he can enjoy his girl and achieve at least the first part of his quest. His allies include dryads, a sardonic bear, the girl, and an ecomystical sage, one of the mysterious Eleveners who have retained from the Death the precept not to despoil the earth. Sterling Lanier, alas, lacks the historical imagination, literary skill and sense of moral danger that illuminate Tolkien's work, but some of his images transcend the poverty of his adjectives ("mephitic", "charnel", "spectral", "foul", "weird", "strange" and the rest of the subliterary legion), and in the Eleveners he reveals a genuinely interesting cult. More of these latterday Taoists and fewer arbitrary monsters would greatly improve any second volume of the saga. But the whole is enjoyable, and may even serve to extend the reader's ability to imagine forms of life other than the human.

Enjoyable Robert Silverberg is not. His three novellas deal with Last Things. In the first, the dead are rekindled to a life stripped of all attachment. These Lazari find everything unreal, and get their solace from archaeology and extinct species, disdaining their still-living friends. In the second, an evil and faithless generation asks for a sign from heaven, and gets none but that given to Joshua—the sun stands still for a day. No return to godliness ensues: only the accelerated collapse of culture. In the third, suicide is the supreme conclusion of lives that can be ended in no other way: where medical technique is perfect "Going" is an act of self-deliverance, or an affirmation. Mr Silverberg doesn't recommend any particular attitude to death and life: he tries out possibilities via fantasy. The result is not much fun, but it may be instructive: if science fiction is considered as a literature of ideas for the intelligent adolescent, Mr Silverberg continues to make interesting contributions.

Which is more than can be said for most of the stories in Peter Haining's collection. These are early works by established writers such as Theodore Sturgeon, Ray Bradbury and Arthur C. Clarke. Everything that is good in them has long been incorporated in these writers' later work; much that is very bad is similarly, and sadly, perennial. The historical interest of the collection would have been increased by more scholarly, less gushing introductions. Science fiction can be written well, without dissolving into literariness; in this collection it is, in general, not. It is a peculiarity of the mythopoeic brand of literature to which science fiction belongs that, beneath the limp prose and shoddy make-believe, bright images can still be seen, but great artists of the craft are rarer than Mr Haining thinks: even his selected few should not be judged by their juvenilia.

Fable for liberals

By T. A. Shippey

BARRY NORMAN :
End Product
248pp. Quartet. £3.50.

JOHN BRUNNER :
The Wrong End of Time
185pp. Eyre Methuen. £3.25.

TERRY GREENHOUGH :
Time and Timothy Grenville
221pp. New English Library. £2.50.

Barry Norman's *End Product* is a fantasy about cannibalism. At some time in the near future, it tells us, the white, brown, and yellow races of the world have decided that Negroes are not human but animal and, as such, a resource to be farmed and eaten—they are, in a word, "ediblacks". This is just the kind of situation to provoke instant disbelief, followed by a sudden wariness. These days no one is allowed to say "It can't happen here", and for anyone who is tempted to do so Mr Norman has appended a five-page epilogue of grisly quotations from the present day, or at least from not too far back. So the story demands to be taken seriously, and even runs the risk of being taken allegorically: a fable for liberals—or Whitey, You Drink Our Blood Already.

Yet human beings are poor meat animals: they gain weight too slowly, and have to be fed too much while doing it, so that ediblacks might evade outraged morality and succumb to enlightened Malthusian self-interest. But Mr Norman has the sense, and the grace, not to push modern parallels. *End Product*'s main strengths are its neat dovetailing of imaginary history and near-future technology; and its grasp of the basic Wellsian situation of "the one-eyed man in the country of the blind", as the liberal girl with doubts roams upper and lower-class England, trying to convince people that ediblacks might be human if only they weren't all laser-lobotomized at birth. There are several extremely funny and hardly futuristic scenes of this kind, involving the party stalwarts' meeting, the Edifarming Reform Society, and the lamely well-intentioned vicar, all of them confirming gently that habit and gullibility are as dangerous as malevolence. A swerve towards further grimness at the end recalls momentarily O'Brien's view of history in *1984*, but it remains plausible and controlled. Only in the epilogue does Mr Norman give up irony for recrimination.

John Brunner's *The Wrong End of Time* offers us iron-fist America rather than velvet-glove England. He has used the same setting before in several longer books which presented a wretched future dominated by over-population, pollution, or endemic guerrilla warfare. This time the keyword is isolationism, with a Fortress America turned in on itself and dangerously liable to open fire on an outside world gone peaceful. The story at the centre of the book is, for once, oddly perfunctory—a simple borrowing from T. H. White. But Mr Brunner has an inexhaustible inventiveness that makes the book worth reading as a Baedeker of the fantastic.

Terry Greenhough's *Time and Timothy Grenville* tries to give us many things at the same time: a normal rustic England that turns critical as star-travelling aliens emerge from underground, mysterious girls try to educate the introverted hero, and he himself realizes that instead of being the village butt he is someone of great importance. Things become even more complicated when Mr Greenhough revives the ancient theory that "most legends and myths have a foundation of truth somewhere", and marches firmly towards a Casaubon Key to All Mythologies. But his story has got pace; and an amiable expansiveness of vision that one had thought lost forever from English science fiction.

Patrick Wyatt's *Irish Rose* (213pp. Michael Joseph. £3.75) is a romance of the future in the "post-disaster" genre, the novelty being that here the disaster is triggered not, as is customary, by the Bomb, but by the Pill. Mr Wyatt depicts a future in which excessive use of the latter has led to widespread female sterility in the advanced industrial countries and to a breakdown of the social fabric.

ntrigue c'est l'homme

ES
-Paterson

MAK :
the Sky
rrie and Jenkins. £3.25.

TIPTREE Jr :
sand Light-Years from
Eyre Methuen. £3.60.

CONEY :
ter, Goodbye
Gollancz. £3.20.

lled form, the plot of
the Sky has possibilities.
the Earth is the Inter-
City, a giant satellite
life as a space labora-
lately become an exotic
for the spoiled brats of
ty. The ISC itself has a
original space platform
it was built. This tiny
now a jail for Earth's
rated political prisoners.
movements are
by means of implanted
apart from that, Earth
over, or interest in,
on the little satellite.
is impossible the prison
conspicuous *oubliette*
arrives from

with a viable plan of escape, although it is not easy to convince the ill-assorted intellectuals, bourgeois activists and fulminating ex-guerrillas that a unified plan of action is both necessary and possible. It is giving nothing away to say that they do escape; but from this point on, the plotsmith having done his work, the novelist fails to make much of it. No doubt *l'intrigue c'est l'homme*. But from the moment the steam goes out of the novel, effectively about halfway through, one becomes impatient with Curt Siodmak in direct proportion to the value of the story one believes he has thrown away.

On the whole, James Tiptree has two modes, whimsy-whimsy and serious-whimsy. The whimsy-whimsy mode produces stories like "The Man Doors Said Hello to", which is about a man being continually greeted and addressed by lavatory doors, wardrobes, and one of the minute but perfectly formed girls who live in his own clothing. The serious-whimsy stories have titles like "I'll be Waiting for You when the Swimming Pool is Empty".

There is, however, a recurrent theme which can be glimpsed in several stories and finds full expression in the last, "Beam us Home". This is a preoccupation with people lost in space or time desperately trying to regain Earth or the present. "The Man who Walked Home", which has appeared in [illegible] is about John Delgano, a scientist involved in a laboratory explosion who every year reappears for a split second at the site of the explosion in almost the same frozen attitude—much like the infundibulated Winston Niles Rumfoord in *The Sirens of Titan*. "Beam Us Home" concerns an apparently ordinary American boy who has been fed on weekly instalments of *Star Trek*. His feelings of alienation from modern American life lead him to the inescapable conclusion that he is actually taking part in an episode of *Star Trek* and, as a member of an exploration party on the surface of the planet Earth, is merely waiting for Scotty to beam him back up to the starship Enterprise. It is a very neat blending of reality and myth, and it makes one despair for the tiny grain of seriousness swamped by Mr Tiptree's facetiae.

Although an improvement on its predecessor, *Winter's Children*, which was a straightforward tale of post-cataclysmic Britain along the lines of John Christopher's *Death of Grass*, Michael Coney's new novel leaves much to be desired as a work of science fiction. The author describes it as "a love story, a war story and a science fiction story, and more besides", and goes on to point out that there are no human beings in it since it takes place on a distant planet. The aliens are, however, humanoid to a suspicious degree, and much of the story is soaked in sentimentality.

The decipherment of Compositor B

By G. Thomas Tanselle

JOSEPH KATZ (Editor) :
Proof
Volume 3
595pp. University of South Carolina Press. $27.50.

FREDSON BOWERS (Editor) :
Studies in Bibliography
Volume 27
325pp. University Press of Virginia for the Bibliographical Society of the University of Virginia. $15.

Proof, the new bibliographical annual from South Carolina, carries as its subtitle "The Yearbook of American Bibliographical and Textual Studies". What justifies that definite article, however, is not clear. Certainly *Proof* is not the only American bibliographical annual, for the twenty-seventh volume of the distinguished series of *Studies in Bibliography* appeared at about the same time as this third volume of *Proof*. Perhaps the intention is to indicate that there is no other bibliographical annual exclusively devoted to the study of American materials (the articles on Virginia Woolf in the second volume and on Max Beerbohm in this one involve American publications, and all the other articles are either on American authors or theoretical and methodological problems). If so, what makes it the "yearbook" of such studies? It does include several "review articles" in each volume, but they are not designed to offer a comprehensive survey of the year's work. The only feature in *Proof* suggestive of a yearbook is the listing at the end: "The Register of Current Publications: 1973".

But *Studies in Bibliography* also has a list at the end of each volume, and the differences between the two are worth noting. The lists in *Studies in Bibliography* are far more comprehensive, but not for the reason one might anticipate—for the *Proof* lists are not limited, as one would expect, to works on American subjects or by American scholars. Instead, they have the curious limitation of being restricted to books which have been sent to the editor's office. The idea that the list is a "register" for a given year is further weakened by the statement that books for inclusion "need not have been published in the current year, but they must be in print then". What the list amounts to, obviously, is a pretentious version of a "books received" list, in which (in the 1973 volume) the entries for 151 "registered works", as they are called, are spread over fifty-nine pages. (The length results not from annotation but from an extended record of the contents of each book, in several instances running to well over a page.)

In contrast, the 1974 *Studies in Bibliography* checklist (covering 1972) contains 613 entries (for articles as well as books) in twenty-three pages. It is not indexed, as *Proof* is, but these lists are periodically brought together in separate volumes with consolidated indexes. (The previous two volumes of this kind were published in 1957 and 1966, and one hopes that a third is to appear soon, for there are already over 1,000 more entries in "Series C" than in the earlier series.) The *Studies in Bibliography* lists are not merely an accumulation of items furnished to the compilers; rather, these lists result from an active effort (and an extraordinarily successful one over the years) to locate all relevant material. The compilers—notably Howell J. Heaney, who has been responsible since the second list (covering 1950) for the section on "The Later Renaissance to the Present", which comprises the bulk of the entries—deserve the thanks of all bibliographers for an enormously useful tool. Surely this kind of list is what would be expected in a "yearbook", and *Proof* is less "The Yearbook" than *Studies in Bibliography* is.

The articles in the 1974 *Studies in Bibliography* are characteristically impressive in quality, wide-ranging in subject, and cosmopolitan in authorship (there are contributors from England, Canada, and Germany, as well as various parts of the United States). As in a number of the earlier volumes, the subject which receives most attention is Elizabethan and early seventeenth-century dramatic literature. S. W. Reid, analysing the work of William Jaggard's Compositor B, makes an important suggestion: that spellings in short lines may be affected by the need for justification, if the compositor anticipated the need to shorten a line and varied spellings as he first set the line. His evidence indicates that Compositor B worked this way, and he concludes that previously unstudied spellings in short lines elsewhere ought to be examined, as possibly of greater value for compositor analysis than has been recognized.

Another important compositor study in the volume is by Robert K. Turner, Jr, who continues his work on Beaumont and Fletcher, this time taking up the composition of each page and the order of printing of each forme in the first section of the 1647 folio (quires B to L, printed by Thomas Warren). Readers of Professor Turner's earlier work will not be surprised by the clarity with which he sets forth complicated data or the skill with which he uses the techniques of analytical bibliography. Fredson Bowers also writes on Beaumont and Fletcher, examining the textual links between the Lambarde manuscript of *Beggars Bush* and the 1647 folio. His conclusion that the manuscript is a copy of Edward Knight's promptbook (based on the same fair copy which served as printer's copy for the folio) means that one here has a rare opportunity to compare a promptbook with its source. The result, as Professor Bowers says, is "not a comforting one": if Knight's carelessness is typical, one must recognize that "unresolved tangles in the action and even in the casting" of a play may have reached print by way of a promptbook.

The usefulness of compositor analysis extends beyond these years, as Harold F. Brooks shows in his long study of the substantive editions of John Oldham's poetry (1679-84); yet he candidly recognizes that in the absence of the considerable body of extant Oldham manuscripts he would have been misled in certain details and would have adopted in his edition certain spellings uncharacteristic of Oldham. As D. F. McKenzie's "Printers of the Mind" (*Studies in Bibliography*, 1969) forcefully reminds us, the results of bibliographical analysis may be overturned by facts; but all inductive reasoning is open to the same objection, and when indisputable facts are not available, there is no alternative to the inductive search. The important articles in this volume of *Studies in Bibliography* are not limited to the seventeenth century, and two on twentieth-century writers ought at least to be mentioned: Hans Walter Gabler's well-considered proposal for an editorial approach to James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, based on his evaluation of three neglected documents preserved by Harriet Shaw Weaver; and E. F. Shields's recognition that the American edition of *Mrs Dalloway* incorporates substantive revisions by Virginia Woolf not included in the English edition.

The contents of *Proof* are more limited in scope and more parochial in authorship. Of the 460 pages devoted to articles, half are given over to the work of six scholars from the University of South Carolina (three articles, comprising 103 pages, are by the editor himself). The emphasis is on editorial problems, and perhaps the most useful service which *Proof* renders is to provide a forum for the evaluation of "practical editions" (i e, editions read in the classroom or by the general public). In Volume 2 the "seminar" on practical editions took up Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, and Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage*; in this volume the works covered are *Moby-Dick* and Emerson's "American Scholar". Each edition examined is checked to see whether it reprints an authoritative source, states that source, reproduces the source accurately, and records any alterations made. Hershel Parker, after testing twenty-six editions of *Moby-Dick*, finds that only one (the Norton Critical Edition) "comes close to doing these necessary things"; and Joel Myerson, after collating twenty-seven editions of the Emerson address, reports that none passes all four tests and that most "depart from Emerson's text at least once every page".

Professor Parker contributes another essay—one of more general importance—to the volume. Drawing illustrations from Hawthorne and Melville, he convincingly argues that the regularization of spelling and punctuation can itself be a form of modernization. It is increasingly being recognized, largely as a result of the work in progress under the auspices of the Center for Editions of American Authors, that the question of modernization must be faced by editors of nineteenth-century, as well as of Renaissance, writings. While there has been widespread agreement that unmodernized texts are necessary for scholarly study, there has also been a tendency to assume that the twentieth century scholar's preference for consistency would have been shared by nineteenth-century authors. The inconsistencies which repeatedly occur in nineteenth-century manuscripts and printings, however, cannot always be explained simply as errors; many authors and publishers evidently did not regard consistency as an ideal, and to impose it now would be a self-defeating exercise, resulting in distortion. As Professor Parker succinctly remarks, "Normalizing to satisfy an editor's instinct for tidiness or to make smooth the way of a reader is ultimately demeaning for the editor and insulting to the reader". By publishing articles like this, along with the series on practical editions and detailed reviews of CEAA editions (in this volume, Robert R. Allen on the Northwestern-Newberry Melville), *Proof* is helping to raise the general level of scholarly awareness of textual matters.

A Palladian elegist

By Anthony Hobson

ALAN G. THOMAS :
Great Books and Book Collectors
280pp including 250 illustrations. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £8.50.

It is more than sixty years since A. W. Pollard's *Fine Books* was published in the Connoisseur Library. Alan Thomas, who has been an antiquarian bookseller for forty-eight years, is admirably qualified to provide a new survey of the subject. He has wisely resisted the temptation to make his book a breathless list of titles and has chosen instead to discuss in a leisurely manner about two hundred manuscripts and printed books from the eighth century to the twentieth. He writes in an easy and unaffected style, modestly concealing his own learning behind the opinions of acknowledged authorities, and enlivening his narrative with spirited asides and anecdotes from his bookselling experiences.

Starting with the Lindisfarne Gospels the reader is led through chapters on manuscripts, early printing and illustration, bookbinding and the Bible, to "Early books in Hebrew", "Herbals and colour-plate flower books", and "The New World" (Americana from Columbus to Audubon). The descriptions are splendidly illustrated (apart from a loss of sharpness in a few black-and-white plates); and the colour plates of botanical books, in particular, are of great beauty.

Booksellers are often frustrated collectors; collectors often seek to recreate a lost order, a vanished Eden. There is no doubt which period most attracts Mr Thomas. It is the flowering of the classical and Italianate tradition of the Renaissance in eighteenth-century and Regency England. His best chapters are those on English books with coloured plates and on books on architecture, about both of which he writes with feeling and perception. The vanished beauties of England fill him with sadness. "Who would ever believe Oxford Street to have been beautiful?"—and indeed J. B. Papworth's view (1816) is heartrending. He has seen most of the buildings by the architects he writes about, and when visiting Chiswick House before its restoration by the Office of Works, was made to sign a declaration that he would not hold Chiswick Corporation responsible if the structure collapsed on him. "Piranesi recorded for us the wreck of Roman civilization", he concludes. "So we, in our turn, gaze upon the destruction of the Palladian world."

An account of the private presses follows. He takes a traditional view of their significance, rightly emphasizing their contribution to the revival of good printing, but ignoring their other function, that of printing books that would otherwise have remained unpublished. I should have been happy to see space saved from the account of the Ashendene Press, which never printed an original work except its own bibliography, for Nancy Cunard's Hours Press, which published Samuel Beckett for the first time. And the Officina Bodoni of Hans Mardersteig, to my mind the outstanding typographer of this century, deserves more than a passing mention. Nor can I agree that Paul Bonet, whose sense of colour often betrayed him into garishness, was "the greatest modern designer of bookbindings", a title I would award to Pierre-Louis Martin, whom Mr Thomas places as *proximus accessit*. Rather unfairly grabbing two "greats" for one book, the author ends with a chapter on great book collectors, though space restricts him to England and America, and—except for Cotton—to the eighteenth century and later.

An Italian might be flattered by the choice of "great books", but a Frenchman would be baffled. Where are the illustrated books of the French eighteenth century, whose omission would have been unthinkable a generation ago? Or the whole of French literature? But even English literature does not get much of a look in: only three and a half pages under the heading "First Editions", less than half the space devoted to T. J. Wise and his forgeries. "To deal with all the books in the world in the space available to me here", the author sagely observes, "would allow one word to about each thousand books." He has triumphed over these limitations to produce an unusual and attractive book.

BOOKSELLERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

+ TOUT LIVRE FRANCAIS expédié en quelques jours
+ a des conditions de PRIX IMBATTABLES
+ et les services d'une GRANDE LIBRAIRIE
FRANCAISE, ce sont les
POINTS FORTS
DE LA

LIBRAIRIE
DE L'UNIVERSITE

A to Z as was

By Priscilla Metcalf

RALPH HYDE :
Printed Maps of Victorian Lo
1851-1900
271pp including 24 illustra
Folkestone : Dawson. £13.

Cartobibliography, a term inv before the First World War, has come meaningful for London in the past decade or so, first Ida Darlington and James gego's *Printed Maps of Londo 1553-1850* (1964) and now Ralph Hyde's book *Printed Map Victorian London* which carries bibliography up to the edge of present century. During the per 1851-1900 London grew as never fore and was mapped as never fore. Historians of Lond growth, administrators of the ing muddle, collectors of its and amateurs of its architecture its oddities have all been hamp by the lack of a systematic through the maze of maps. Now have one in this "work of ate accuracy", as H. J. Dyos call in a sympathetic foreword.

The comparison of succe states, as of etchings, of map different collections—a few inches of railway line here, a more blocks of suburban there—is indeed an exacting cipline. The fifty-page introduc will be much referred to for its ful summaries, describing the cate history of the Ordnance vey's five-foot sheets, "the la and the most detailed plan of city ever produced", the ris Edward Stanford and his and the new railway maps, geo cal maps, School Board maps, cycling maps. The Victorian for classifying knowledge pro thematic maps: cholera, Whig voters, the insurance iness of theatres, could all reduced to map-form; and making of the "poverty maps" Charles Booth's great survey London social conditions is cisely explained.

The catalogue that forms main body of the book follo excellent arrangement set by ington and Howgego, adding appendix certain post-1851 of pre-1851 maps not listed by For all kinds of London hist this is one of those catalogu are satisfying both in their details and in their infinite tones. Even such a resoun thorough handbook cannot pected to catalogue the latter in using it we should be aw revolutionary changes that taking place in London carto bility—that is, in Londoners' of scale.

For instance, two genera before the period of this cata there lived an eccentric kno Corner-Memory Thompson, could draw maps of this London parish from memory recite the occupiers of corner site within such and distance of Cheapside, being lic-house broker and profess interested in street-corners as blessed with a strong topo ical sense. And still during period of this catalogue, the new railways, a great people knew London through pores, their bones, and the their feet. For many people however, direct perception of don consists of entombed the morning, like fish in ing aquaria, or like mass moles, heading for some a-view; let out at lunchtime about one or two street-corn and entombed departure at Perhaps the mental maps of Victorians can only be charte their novels and periodicals many London historians today daily in London between points more than a few apart? How many living urb torians anywhere ever drove a horse?

Mr Hyde's Victorian maps are on two scales, as it the ancient scale of distances out by men and by horses, by a new Victorian scale of tances rolled out by steam wheels. His chosen period just dates the measuring of space still newer scale by the combustion engine which tions our perceptions today.

The Magyar millennium

By Paul Ignotus

PAMLENYI (Editor) :
istory of Hungary
Budapest: Corvina. Distri-
by Collett's. £4.95.

Hungarians have always been onately interested in their past nation. Their historians, in enting that past, have usually a rigorous concern with facts also a strong tendency to in- in wishful thinking.

this respect, things are not different in Communist Hun- ; the past still casts its spell, its officially required pre- has altered more than . During the four months of Hungarian Council Republic of the past was used, in crudely fashion, for the expression arousal of revolutionary fer- ; and the more the heroes of ary's two dominant historical ions—the monarchic and the alist—could be vilified, the "progressive" did the presen- seem (the only problem being decide which of the rival tradi- should come off worst). All was a matter of emphasis and ; the facts themselves on the whole respected.

the four-year period of abso- Stalinist leadership, from 1949 1953, scholarly ethics were revo- ised. Lying became obliga- , and (perhaps most surpris-) was used to idealize some of defunct reactionaries, no than to defame others. The code of the fairy-tale crept history-writing, dividing the ial scene, both past and pre- into two camps of benign and spirits, the former being (at rate potentially) class-con- proletarians, the latter ors and their willing tools, in feudal, capitalist, fascist Trotskyite guise. In political it was the age of "Fascist " and "hyenas" and of " and "heroic" persona- ; the academic world had of to conform.

paradoxical feature of this was the adaptation of alist mythology. Unlike 1919, national tricolour became sacro- —though with a five-pointed tacked on. The "Hungarian ", in this context, had always up for "the independence of country", which had been ically betrayed by their , episcopal and money-grab- oppressors, acting in the ser- of foreign dynasties. The ", in a word, had always and was by its very nature

alization, which went various phases from the of 1953, always had two one decried by orthodox as "nationalist", and the as "cosmopolitan". In most and particularly during the year of 1956, the "national- character prevailed; but not in ography, and certainly not the 1960s. The leading crusa- against the Stalin-inspired rep- tion of the past was the eco- , historian and lawyer Erik , a lifelong Communist and sense a "revisionist"; he in fact have been termed a " Marxist and Leninist, a knowledgeable and sophisticated one, who con- it his main task to apply of dialectical and his- materialism to anything able in the Hungarian regardless of tactical interests. restoring the primacy of truth, he often met and common cause with "bour- (i.e, non-Marxist) as well classically Marxist (not to dirty word, "revisionist") colleagues; and as a result debates and cooperation a impetus was given to all of literature dealing with garian past. The most sig- outcome of that fermenta- the collective work *Magya- története* (History of Hun- published in two weighty in 1964, written by a hand- team of historians and by Erik Molnár. Molnár in 1966, but the drive to ex- and evaluate recent and Hungarian history (and history) continued, *A His- of Hungary*, published under ship of Dr. Pamlényi, is his milestones.

The work was written by seven Hungarian historians; it was translated and printed in Hungary and brought out by Corvina, the state publishers. With this book, János Kádár's government are in effect communicating to the western world their ideas of what Hungary was like before they took over and something too of what they have made of her since. An official publication, then. Dull? No—or less so than one would have expected. Mendacious? Not if compared with the standards usual in Stalinist Hungary or even in milder periods of myth-mongering. It falls far short of telling the whole truth, of course, but does what it can to tell nothing but the truth.

The surprises start right at the beginning, when, in the last decade of the ninth century AD, the Magyar tribes occupy the mid-Danubian basin. This act figures in Hungarian epic poetry and history alike as "the Conquest of the Country", and up to some twenty-five years ago it was taken for granted that it had been performed under the leadership of Prince Árpád; to which a hazier but no less stubbornly repeated story was added, to the effect that Árpád had been the son of Álmos, the first Magyar tribal chief to be elected leader of all Magyar tribes on the eve of the Conquest and in preparation for it. From the *History* we learn, however, that Árpád was only second-in-command (under Kurszán, a chief until recently forgotten), and as for the princedom's venerable founder, Álmos, he is not mentioned even in a footnote. Imagine the publication today of "A History of England" with William the Conqueror demoted to deputy ruler, and the ducal and proletarian couple, whose bastard son he was supposed to be, erased from history altogether: would that not be novel enough to warrant some explanation of how the original and how the later versions evolved? I am sorry to find the *History* reticent on this point; although, so far as I can check, the Kurszán theory is reasonably borne out by recent research, and it is quite possible that the oblivion into which Kurszán fell for almost a thousand years was due to the doctoring of Glorious Conquest traditions by courtier chroniclers of the Árpád dynasty. Stalin's technique of obliterating Trotsky's and Bukharin's fame seems to have been quite familiar to the wise monks of medieval Hungary.

I have mentioned an example of reticence in the *History*; as a rule, the writing tends to be prolix. An intelligent narrative of a people's history is adulterated with Leninist and later jargon. The epithets typical of Stalin's time have fortunately gone; no more "hyenas" and few "heroic" personalities. But the ideological shibboleths have persisted. For instance, when, in the thirteenth century, German capital moved into Hungary to exploit her mineral resources, it did so in association with "the Hungarian ruling classes", we are informed, lest the reader should believe it was the Hungarian serfs themselves who cooperated as fellow capitalists with the foreign investors.

Another very tired cliché is "bourgeois". Admittedly, its use is more often appreciative than pejorative, since, presumably, from the establishment of feudalism until the appearance of Marxist or near-Marxist working-class movements on the international scene, all liberating and progressive efforts in society tended to be of a "bourgeois" character. There is much to be said for this assumption, but its automatic use leads to such ludicrous statements as that the Puritan movement developed in seventeenth-century Hungary "under the influence of the bourgeois revolution in England", meaning Cromwell's Commonwealth. The famous introductory sentence of the *Communist Manifesto*, "The history of mankind is the history of class warfare", provides an admirable key to social phenomena if used with discretion (as Marx and Engels themselves used it), but can turn into its own parody if either "class" or "warfare" is taken literally. The *History* amply demonstrates both the merits and the pitfalls of this concept.

As the periods dealt with in this work draw nearer to the present, instances of glossing over either by too much compression or by lengthy generalization become naturally more frequent. The first chapter in which I felt that this ideological style amounts to distortion is that on the "bourgeois" War of Independence against the Habsburgs, 1848-49. It was in the nationalist tradition of Hungary to blame the Peace Party of those years as opportunist, and to make the commander-in-chief, Artur Görgey, the villain of the Hungarian tragedy without ever explaining how a handful of Magyars, surrounded by largely hostile non-Magyars even in their own historic realm, could have defeated singlehanded the armies of the allied Austrian and Russian Emperors. Hungarian scholars, ranging from moderate conservatives to Marxists and syndicalists, who were less bemused by the rhetoric of last-ditch patriotism, later revised this bias; but the Communists restored its romantic National Independence colouring to the 1848-49 tragedy, if not by actual lies, at least by obscuring such facts as, for instance, that the miraculous victories of the Hungarian army in their unequal battles were largely due to Görgey's skill as a commander—second only to Kossuth's in the revolutionary campaign. Görgey surrendered when Kossuth had fled and the military position was hopeless: what else could he have done?

True enough, the Magyar fighters for freedom should have shown more understanding for the national aspirations of their non-Magyar fellow-citizens than did "the class conducting the struggle" (that is, the gentry and the budding upper middle class)—this restrospective Communist advice is completely justified. But the artisans and the peasantry, in so far as they cared about the struggle at all, showed national passions that were even more intolerant; and among radical spokesmen there were only very few (Teleki, Vasvári) with a spark of recognition of the nationalities problem. It was in fact the "opportunist" Peace Party which was much more disposed to accept what the *History* calls a "progressive" solution—an arrangement based on the equal rights of ethnic groups.

The Hungarian defeat of 1849 was the defeat of liberalism by reactionary imperial absolutism; yet it was under that absolutist rule that the most important social reforms enacted by the liberals (abolition of serfdom, general sharing in taxation, the end to entailment—of most landed property) took effect, thanks to imperial fiscal interests. The "class warfare" key works well in helping the *History* to demonstrate this development of Hungary, at least partly, into a "bourgeois" country.

In 1867, the Compromise between the Dynasty and the Hungarian leaders, resulting in the establishment of the Dual Monarchy, gave *embourgeoisement* an even greater boost, and progress followed at an enormous pace, manifest in practically all fields, from the living standards of the common man to the scientific standards of the universities. It was the triumph of liberalism—although undoubtedly it was a very paternalistic and even caste-ridden variety of liberalism. Accordingly, abuse has been showered on it ever since from all quarters—right, left and centre—hostile either to its old-fashioned character, or, even more, to its creative freedom.

This work naturally echoes such objections, but not without pointing to the achievements of the epoch. It classifies the years 1867-1890 as the "Golden Age", 1890-1914 as the "Decline" of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy—correctly, on the whole, if only because "Decline" was immediately followed by 1914-1918, i e, world war and the "Collapse".

The Decline period, however, included another Golden Age, that of radical Hungarian intellectualism, to which fair tribute is paid here, though its expression is steeped in Marxist jargon. The *History* records the foundation of the Society of Social Sciences in 1901 and the literary movement culminating a few years later in the launching of the literary magazine *Nyugat* (West), and their encouragement of a host of thinkers, scholars, scientists and artists who, quite apart from their achievements in special fields (ranging from Bartók's, and Kodály's music to the first ventures in psychoanalysis and early gropings towards nuclear physics), can be admired for having seen and diagnosed the shortcomings of the Austro-Hungarian power system bravely, eloquently and with a clear-sightedness never surpassed since.

In particular, the blinkered Hungarian nationalism of those years was denounced by radical Hungarian patriots such as the poet Endre Ády—and in harsher terms than those used by any Hungarophobe. Admittedly, neither these nor any other "bourgeois radicals" could provide a safe prescription to avert the disasters of two world wars and those horrors connected with Hitler and Stalin; but, then, did anyone else?

In the *History* the crunch begins with the outbreak of the First World War, which is looked on (quite reasonably) by historians under the Communist spell as a preliminary to the Bolshevik Revolution. The outbreak happened to coincide with my own first coherent recollections of a politically coloured world. With a father and grandfather outstanding in political journalism, and with a taste since childhood for public debates, I was to be an eyewitness of the Hungarian scene at the moment of the fatal shot in Sarajevo and through the subsequent fifty years (until the consolidation of the Kádár regime in the 1960s). The first question I must answer about any account of those decades is, and should be, the personal one, "Well, does this ring true to someone who saw the truth at first hand?" I am sorry to say, not always. The four historians responsible for the bulk of relevant material, Dr Péter Hanák, Dr György Ránki, Dr Iván T. Berend and Doctor-Candidate Miklós Lackó are thorough and competent researchers in political, social and economic history, as one can tell from other works of theirs and to some extent from these chapters; but their habit, in particular, of omitting names of public figures whom it would be difficult to fit into an ideological scenario smacks of disingenuousness, if not of ignorance.

A history of the last fifteen years of Habsburg Hungary that does not mention the campaign for democratic suffrage by the "bourgeois-democrat", fiercely anticommunist Vilmos Vázsonyi; a description of the resistance to the authoritarian, semi-Fascist White governments (1919-1944) that ignores the eloquence of the Liberal parliamentarian, Károly Rassay, or the bravery of the Social Democrat, Anna Kéthly, or even the renowned activities of that resourceful and chameleon-like leader of several parties, Tibor Eckhardt, while enlarging on certain Communist victims of the White or Brown terror whose martyrdom should certainly be remembered by their comrades, but who in their lifetime were hardly known even to them: such lack of proportion must lend unreality to the whole narrative.

Then comes Liberation, 1945, with other events and names to be mute about. Twenty-five years ago, one could hardly walk down a Budapest boulevard without being stared at from huge posters by the haggard face of the economic dictator Ernö Gerö, who was later to succeed Mátyás Rákosi as political leader for a crucial moment: today, he seems never to have existed. Their third-in-command (and second to none in self-glorification) Mihály Farkas, and their crack torturer Gábor Péter, whose very name spread panic and despair among the population, are equally consigned to oblivion. My complaint is not about a positive falsification of the Communist record, but about distortion by silence. About Péter, for example, the Communists could boast that he was imprisoned successively by Communists of such different outlook as Rákosi, Gerö, Imre Nagy, and János Kádár; it would indeed be interesting to know their reasons, but the authors decided for safety—that is, for evasion.

Even more delicate, of course, are the later pages: post-Stalin Hungary, anti-Soviet revolution in 1956, and the instalment of the Kádár government by Soviet arms. Reticence here becomes almost like self-parody. Events which not quite twenty years ago hit the headlines all over the world are stubbornly ignored; the whole Revolution and its aftermath are crammed into half a page—less space than, for example, the diplomatic manoeuvres preceding the occupation of Bosnia a hundred years ago. To be sure, the account of 1956 is a temperate one. The gravest accusation brought against the Imre Nagy coalition government is that under its rule "those socialist forces which wanted to correct the mistakes of the [Stalinist] past within the existing system continued to diminish in importance"; and only in a biographical note is Nagy labelled the prime minister of a "counter-revolution". It is not partisan venom but a markedly furtive embarrassment which moulds such references to recent history. That is more than excusable when the facts of life by the Red Danube are taken into account; but it would have been braver, and perhaps not necessarily riskier, to break off the *History* where things remembered are still too bitter to be detached about.

The final chapters of the *History* present us with the happy ending of a thousand-odd years of struggle and suffering. Happy, now? To some extent, yes. We see statistical data, truthful though obviously selective, demonstrating that Hungary, in the twenty-five years after the Second World War, turned into a two-thirds industrial country (which had been on her agenda in any event); that she was transformed, as could be expected, into what (with or without inverted commas) may be called a "socialist" country; and that the standard of living of her people had improved, although, we may add, less than that of neighbouring (again, inverted commas optional) "capitalist" Austria. The punchline of the happy ending tells us that the Hungarian Socialist Workers' [Communist] Party's

> Eighth Congress in 1926 noted that the foundations for a socialist society had been laid in Hungary. On those foundations it set as its programme the completion of a socialist construction, the large-scale development of the economy, science and culture and a further improvement of the people's living conditions.

Quite true, again. And alarming, too. "Happy the nation", Montesquieu said, "whose history is boring." But must boredom be as all-pervading as that? Hungary has a fascinating history, but by this official account of herself she has managed to terminate a millennium of drama with an idyllic and suffocating drabness. One should hope, for her sake, that she still finds something to be unhappy about; and *pace* this *History*, you can be sure she does.

All this should not detract from the book's value. Its material is rich and impressive, its analyses often illuminating, and where it cannot excel in anything else, it excels in moderation.

Revolutionary echoes

By Peter Labanyi

WOLFGANG HARICH :
Jean Pauls Revolutionsdichtung.
Versuch einer Deutung seiner heroischen Romane.
629pp. Hamburg : Rowohlt. DM15.

The well-known East German critic here focuses on just three of Jean Paul's novels: *Die unsichtbare Loge*, *Hesperus*, and *Titan*. All conceived between 1790 and 1794, they have been generally neglected by bourgeois and Marxist scholarship alike. The justification for this reassessment is "relevance"; the aim, to correct the received image of Jean Paul. According to Wolfgang Harich, the central theme of the novels is the question: how can the French Revolution, of which they are the "most immediate artistic echo", be transplanted to German soil? He maintains that, far from being peripheral, the "revolutionary writings" form the nucleus of Jean Paul's oeuvre. As Harich's motives are basically ideological, it is not surprising that linguistic-stylistic analysis is "resolutely avoided".

[illegible]

Books in brief

Astronomy

Muirden, James. *Beginner's Guide to Astronomical Telescope Making.* 201pp. Pelham. £4.75.

In the United States amateur telescope making is a well-established hobby, with its own local groups giving instruction. In this country there would appear to be little guidance of this kind, and the literature on the subject is very scattered. James Muirden has now improved the situation with a well-written book which is full of good advice and practical details. As a first step he describes a small refracting telescope which can be made quite cheaply, but more serious observational work will call for a larger instrument. At least half of the book is taken up with a very detailed account of the work involved in making a six-inch reflector, from the initial planning through the grinding and testing of the mirror to the final construction of a simple stand. For the experienced worker there are additional chapters on more specialized types of telescope. This is a well-illustrated guide which will certainly be useful to the amateur.

Economics

Wright, Winthrop, R. *British-Owned Railways in Argentina: Their Effect on the Growth of Economic Nationalism 1854-1948.* 305pp. University of Texas Press (AUPG). £5.

Economic nationalism has been one of the more powerful determinants of Argentine political and economic development over the past century. This study of the British railways in Argentina is an interesting addition to the literature on economic nationalism, not least because of its relative impartiality. Its treatment of the period 1854-1930 adds little to what we already know, but the second half of the book, from the transport policies of the Concordancia through the stages leading to the nationalization of the lines in 1947 is far more original. Unfortunately, Winthrop Wright is neither an economist nor a business historian, so that the rights and wrongs of the debates he discusses are barely touched upon. It is always interesting to know what people think, and opinion can be more influential than the facts themselves, but it is tantalizing, nevertheless, to be fed a diet simply of debating points, British or Argentine.

History

Brentnall, Margaret. *Old Customs and Ceremonies of London.* 200pp. Batsford. £3.25.

How many even among Londoners could answer offhand if asked about the Knollys Rose? This red rose, annually presented to the Lord Mayor almost without a break since the fourteenth century, is the mild penalty for an infringement of the building regulations by the wife of Sir Robert Knollys when she bridged Seething Lane to connect her house and garden. A rose garden still exists in the Lane to provide the annual tribute. This is to pick at random from Margaret Brentnall's miscellany of London customs in which natives and visitors alike will discover much that is curious and unfamiliar. Flowers, again, from Eton and King's College, Cambridge, go yearly to the Tower of London to be placed at the supposed site of the murder of Henry VI. The Livery Companies preserve many recondite customs. Guests of the Clothworkers will be asked, "Do you dine with Alderman or Lady Cooper?" and must then opt for brandy or gin, about which this seventeenth-century alderman and his wife held conflicting views. From the City and the Court, Parliament, the Law and the Church, the author has culled her collection of traditional ceremonies which appear to be as dear as ever to the British people.

Medicine

Sharma, C. H. *A Manual of Homeopathy and Natural Medicine.* 154pp. Turnstone. £2.50.

To be able to put the whole of homeopathy into one small book is no mean feat. C. H. Sharma, who has also made a study of Eastern medicine, describes a few illnesses and gives details of their treatment by homeopathic means. But to rely on this book for the successful treatment of all disease would be a rash procedure and, at the same time, would do little to help the cause of homeopathy.

Stimson, Gerry and Webb, Barbara. *Going to See the Doctor.* 155pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £4.95.

This expensive book is a typical product of the work of professional sociologists. It is difficult to find a reason for its production, but this might be said of a large amount of the material which is poured out from such departments. No doctor or patient will benefit from reading it, for it says nothing which is not already known to both partners in the consultation.

Ornithology

Slater, Peter. *A Field Guide to Australian Birds: Passerines.* 309pp. Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press. £4.50.

This is the second part of a two-volume work which has been badly needed for many years. It supersedes Neville Cayley's *What Bird is that?* — for long the only available guide to Australian birds. It is an essential book for any bird watcher living in, or likely to visit, Australia. The illustrations are attractive, and should be helpful, though there is a tendency to exaggerate some field characters to the point of caricature. However, the main criticism concerns the trimming of the plates, many of which have tails, beaks or feet cut off at the edges.

Travel and Topography

Burden, Vera. *Going Places in the Thames Valley.* 58pp. Spurbooks. Paperback, 75p.

Beginning in one public garden (Kew) and ending in another (the Botanic Garden at Oxford), this unpretentious little book is a guide to a number of Thames-side places of interest between those terminal points. Described as a family outing guide, it includes sketch-maps and some prosaic but necessary detail about meals and space for the car.

Savage, George. *The Languedoc.* 218pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £4.50.

The part of France that lies between the Pyrenees and the Rhône is stony, sunny, precipitous, full of history and the glorious remnants of architecture, Roman and Romanesque. At Roquefort it possesses the best of all the 365-odd French cheeses. For a holiday in places not spoilt or overcrowded George Savage has produced an excellent and practical guide, plotting routes and advising on what must be seen and where one should not stay. For travellers whose destination is some other part of France his book is still a good addition to the luggage in the car, being full of sound advice on how to drive in France without terror, what and how to eat, and how to learn to appreciate Gallic nonconformism and the absence of regimentation.

War

Hezlet, Arthur. *The Electron and Sea Power.* 318pp. Peter Davies. £6.50.

Having already written on the influence of submarine and aircraft on sea power it was logical of Arthur Hezlet to turn to the third factor which revolutionized naval policy and warfare in this century, electricity. Ease of communication first by cable and then by wireless, and improved means of location by asdic and radar, have gone far towards solving the feature which has always distinguished sea from land warfare, finding your enemy in the vast space and depths of the sea. This process came to fruition in the maritime campaigns of the Second World War. Since then the major electronic advances in the fields of missiles and surveillance have had incalculable effects on the future of naval operations. Admiral Hezlet has aimed at producing an interpretation of these complex processes which will be of interest to both the specialist and the layman. The latter will enjoy the combination of operational narrative and technological detail, the former would have gained more from an analytical and thematic treatment, and, more still from some references to sources to enable him to follow the subject further.

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Arts Librarian

4 (under review) £3,366-£3,702, plus £261 don Weighting

Arts Librarian will be a member of the subject headed by the Music and Arts Subject Specialist e new Central Library scheduled to open in ber, 1975. The postholder will be second in e of the subject team and will be responsible bibliographical and inquiry work, staff supervision the promotion of the subject library through dis- , events, activities, etc. Applicants should be tered Librarians of at least four years' experi- since Charter and preferably with an appropriate qualification or experience.

Librarian
(COMMERCE, SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY)

4 (under review) £3,366-£3,702, plus £261 don Weighting

postholder will be a member of the subject team ed by the Commerce, Science and Technology ect Specialist in the new Central Library sched- to open in October, 1975. The successful candi- will be second in charge of the subject team and prime areas of responsibility will be for biblio- phical and inquiry work, promotion of the subject and staff supervision. Applicants should be tered Librarians of four years' standing with onstrated subject experience or qualification.

ication forms and further details for the above five obtainable from Roy Smith, FLA, Borough Lib- h, Centre Library, Manor Park Road, Sutton, ey. Tel. 01-642 9536. ng date 22nd August, 1975.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
SUTTON

Liverpool
CITY LIBRARIES

Language Specialist and Librarian

(S.O.2 £4,669-£4,992)

Applications are invited from graduates with an opriate degree who are also Chartered rarians.

The International Library contains substantial ections in Germanic, Romance and Slavonic langu- s and smaller collections in several oriental guages.

General local government conditions apply, to- er with the payment of removal etc., expenses in ropriate cases. Application forms, returnable by d August 1975 are obtainable from the City rarian, Central Libraries, William Brown Street, rpool, L3 8EW.

Technical Librarian

Albright & Wilson Limited a major international organisation operating mainly in the field of chemicals, have a vacancy for a Technical Librarian in the Research and Development Department of their Marchon Division based at Whitehaven, Cumbria.

The Librarian, with one assistant, is responsible for the display or circulation of approximately 200 periodicals; for the purchase and indexing of approximately 300 books and 600 patent specifications per annum and the ordering of loans, translations and other documents. Duties also include preparing a monthly information bulletin and assisting research chemists and engineers with literature surveys and technical enquiries.

Applicants, male or female, should preferably be graduates in chemistry, aged about 25 to 35 years and ideally possess qualifications in Librarianship or Information Science. Previous library experience, preferably in an industrial technical library, would be an advantage.

The commencing salary will be commensurate with qualifications and experience. There is an excellent non-contributory Pension and Life Assurance Scheme and, where necessary, assistance can be given towards removal expenses. Whitehaven is attractively situated on the north west coast and also on the fringe of the Lake District which provides a wide range of leisure activities.

Please write for an application form to the Staff Officer (Ref. No. 434A), Albright & Wilson Ltd., 1 Knightsbridge Green, London, SW1X 7QD.

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD

BRIGHTON POLYTECHNIC

Learning Resources

Technical Services Librarian

(NEW POST 1st September, 1975)
BURNHAM SCALE SL, £4,206-£5,412 (plus current award)

A Chartered Librarian with senior administrative experience and preferably a knowledge of automation, computerisation, information retrieval and SDI is sought to take charge and substantially develop the library technical services.

Information Specialist in Cataloguing

(NEW POST 1st January, 1976)
BURNHAM SCALE LECTURER II, £2,670-£4,476 (plus current award)

A Chartered Librarian who has undertaken cataloguing, classification, information retrieval and staff management in a developed library system is required to support the above Technical Services Librarian.

Library and Clerical Assistants

GRADE C1 1/2, £1,215-£2,775

Applications are invited for two new posts in the Learning Resources/Library system—one in the student services area and one in the cataloguing and ordering section dealing with print and non-print materials.

Candidates should have a minimum of 5 GCE 'O' levels and preferably previous relevant experience. Students leaving Library School will be favourably considered. Ability to type is necessary in the cataloguing/ordering post.

NJC Conditions of Service apply to all posts.

Further details and application forms from: The Bursar, Brighton Polytechnic, Moulsecoomb, Brighton BN2 4GJ. Tel: 0273 67304. Closing date 29th August, 1975.

DIVISIONAL CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

SUDBURY
POST N16

AP 3/4 £2,922-£3,702 per annum

Applications are invited for the above post from Chartered Librarians.

The responsibilities of this post are mainly for work with children and schools. The Division consists of 2 full-time and 7 part-time libraries and a mobile library.

A job description and application form (returnable by 28th August 1975) from H. I. Hammond, F.L.A. Area Librarian, Library Administration Unit, Area Record Office, Schoolhall Street, Bury St. Edmunds.

Suffolk County Council

LIBRARIES AND ARTS DEPARTMENT

PRINCIPAL ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

(Young People's Services)
£3,825-£4,095

We are looking for a Deputy to assist Chris Kirri, the young people's librarian. A chartered librarian with wide experience of work with young people is required. This is a new post and will give an opportunity to show initiative and originality in helping to coordinate and develop library services to young people throughout Tameside in Libraries, Schools, Community Centres, Playgroups or wherever they are to be found.

Tameside has adopted the team approach to library services and all professional staff are encouraged to examine traditional concepts of service critically.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

(Children's/Schools)
£2,127-£3,282

There are three posts available in the newly organized district professional teams. Each post carries special responsibility for work with young people within the team of four, but the emphasis will be on the team approach to providing a professional service to the whole community, working in libraries and other appropriate centres. Applicants should be chartered librarians or have completed their final examinations.

Application forms and further details for both posts from the Chief Personnel Officer, Mercian House, Mercian Way, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, to be returned by 22nd August, 1975.

Tameside Metropolitan Borough

THE POLYTECHNIC HUDDERSFIELD

HEAD OF LIBRARY SERVICES

Applications are invited from professionally qualified graduate Librarians with appropriate experience for the above post.

The new Central Services building includes provision for a major Library facility designed to house initially 250,000 books serving some 4,500 students and involving 800 reader spaces.

Salary (HOD V scale) £7,395-£8,271

Application forms and further particulars from the Establishment Office, The Polytechnic, Queensgate, Huddersfield, HD1 3DH.

Closing date: 30th August, 1975.

Find your place in British Gas

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

up to £2,334

British Gas are looking for Library Assistants, both qualified and unqualified, to deal with various aspects of special library work at Headquarters in Marble Arch. If unqualified you should have several 'O' level passes and a keen interest in library work. An ability to type would be an advantage.

Salary will be in the range £1,590-£1,932 + £402 London Weighting.

Please ring Catherine Doyle on 01-723 7030 extension 2359, or write to British Gas, 59 Bryanston Street, London W1A 2AZ.

BRITISH GAS

Ireland

COUNTY LIBRARIAN

Clare County Council
Salary: £3,478-£4,378

Essential: (a) Qualification in Library Work;
(b) Experience of Library Work;
(c) Knowledge of Irish.

Age-limits: 25-45 years.

Application forms and further particulars from: Secretary, Local Appointments Commission, 1 Lower Grand Canal Street, Dublin 2.

Latest date for receiving completed application forms 28th August, 1975.